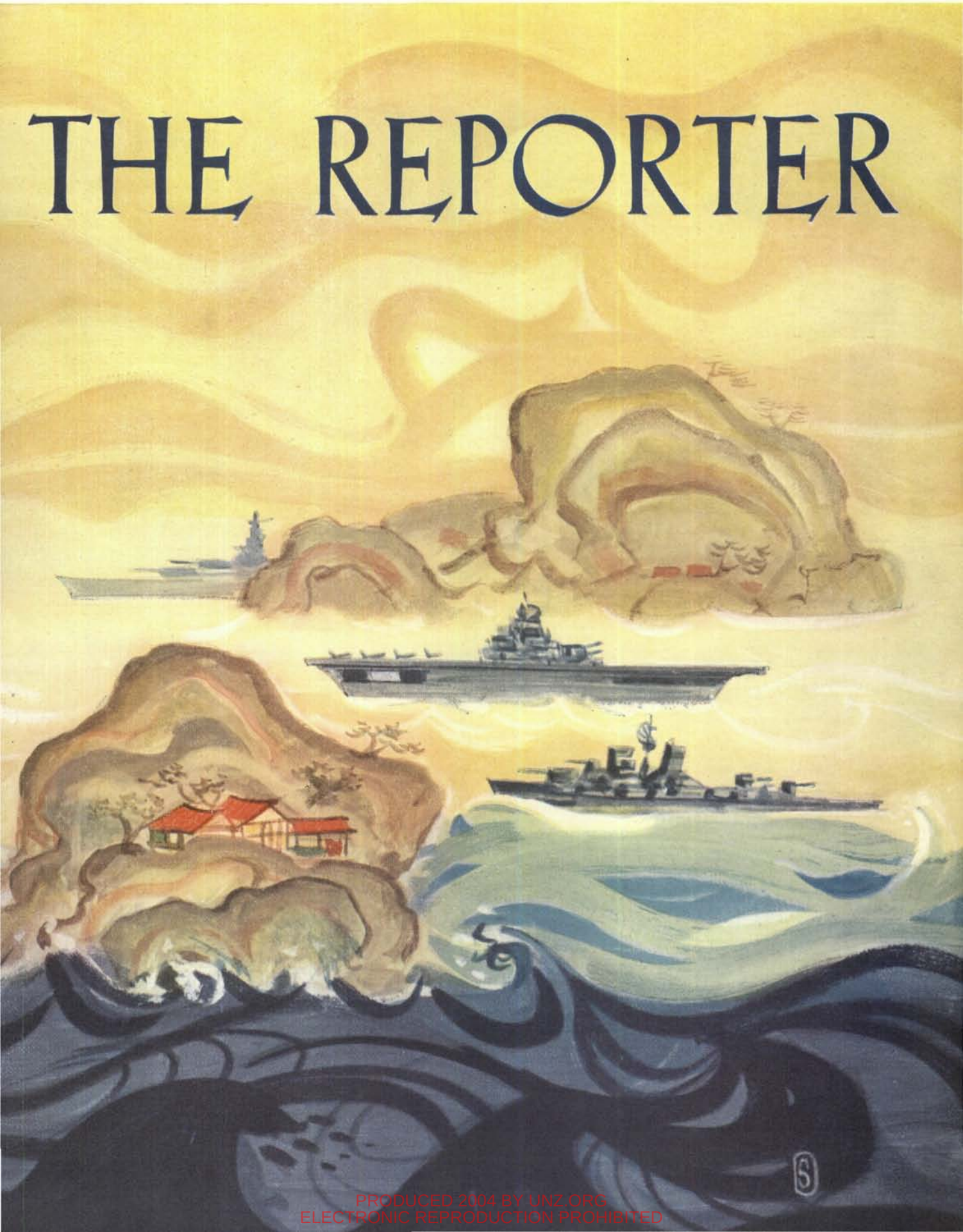
Troubled Waters: the Formosa Strait

January 13, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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in this moment

The prayer lingers still . . . across the table as Dad begins to serve . . . it brushes Mother's still-bowed head . . . it caresses Sally's fist as she reaches for the promised drumstick. The words of thanksgiving are being made real in this moment – the words of gratitude from a good provider to the Great Provider.

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Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

DRAW IT YOURSELF... Check the books you fully intended to read and then failed to read. **WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN THIS YEAR?**

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- ☐ SWEET THURSDAY ..... *John Steinbeck*
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- ☐ MY BROTHER'S KEEPER ..... *Marcia Davenport*
- ☐ THE FALL OF A TITAN ..... *Igor Gouzenko*
- ☐ LÉLIA: The Life of George Sand ..... *André Maurois*
- ☐ THE CORNERSTONE ..... *Zoé Oldenbourg*
- ☐ AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY ..... *William O. Douglas*
- ☐ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL *Hermann Hagedorn*
- ☐ SONG OF THE SKY ..... *Guy Murchie*
- ☐ THE MIND ALIVE ..... *Harry & Bonaro Overstreet*
- ☐ A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE ..... *Erich Maria Remarque*
- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS ..... *Charles A. Lindbergh*
- ☐ THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT *Douglass Wallop*
- ☐ THE RAMAYANA ..... *As told by Aubrey Menen*
- ☐ THE REASON WHY ..... *Cecil Woodham-Smith*
- ☐ BHOWANI JUNCTION ..... *John Masters*
- ☐ SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET ..... *Heinrich Harrer*
- ☐ OF WHALES AND MEN ..... *R. B. Robertson*
- ☐ FIRE IN THE ASHES ..... *Theodore H. White*
- ☐ THE AGE OF THE MOGULS ..... *Stewart Holbrook*
- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY ..... *Ernest K. Gann*
- ☐ THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST ..... *Sir John Hunt*
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US ..... *Rachel L. Carson*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA ..... *Ernest Hemingway*
- ☐ THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS ..... *Ewen Montagu*

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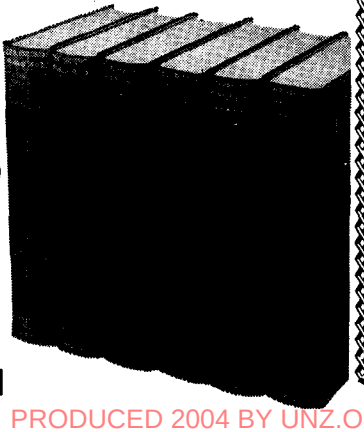

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

France Votes Confidence

It would have been far better if the French had accepted German rearmament by a real majority last week—boldly, loudly, with at least the appearance of confidence in themselves and their Allies. But they did not.

Kicking, protesting, and even reaching heights of reasoned lucidity, the Deputies of France finally acquiesced in remaking the military might of France's most ancient enemy. While police fanned out over the cobblestones and demonstrators brandished placards lettered with the grim names of Auschwitz, Oradour, Drancy, and Buchenwald, the Deputies accepted that which France was powerless to refuse.

There is little profit in trying to strain precise meaning out of the splintered Byzantine voting record of the Deputies, or analyzing the somersaults of party maneuver. The sixty-one M.R.P. votes against the accords came from the party that had first pledged France to German rearmament. Men like Georges Bidault, personally embittered by Secretary of State Dulles's accolade of Mendès-France as a "superman," were determined to whittle him down in the French Assembly. The critical eighty-three votes to support the agreements of Paris and German rearmament were delivered by Guy Mollet, a schoolteacher-hero of the Resistance, whose party hitherto had been opposed to German rearmament except under EDC. The Socialists voted to save Mendès-France chiefly because of domestic politics—lest he fall and be replaced by a coalition that would not concern itself with France's vitally needed internal economic reform.

If the frail, flickering margins of the successive Assembly votes gave the last week of 1954 the quality of a nightmare, no American could easily adopt a holier-than-thou attitude toward the French. We, after all, were the people whose Senate blunted a two-thirds majority for the Bricker amendment by the margin of a single vote.

FURTHER, to indulge in exasperation would be to miss the deeper meaning of the Assembly's votes. The names Auschwitz, Oradour, Buchenwald, and Drancy still trouble the conscience of millions of Americans. To Frenchmen, they are as vivid as memory of father killed and son lost. If the French chose to ignore these names it was not because they felt German soldiers to be necessary to their own safety. The Deputies gave their grudging assent for two reasons. It was time to clear the parliamentary arena of the tangle of foreign affairs and tackle the job of making France strong within France, which Mendès-France promises. More important, perhaps, the Atlantic alliance was too vital to French security to be repudiated. If the alliance had set as its price the rearming of Germany, the French dared not refuse, however cruel the price must have seemed to a nation with France's experience.

In a measure, then, our government, which leads the Atlantic alliance, bears a double responsibility —to Americans in the first instance, but also to the French whose tortured assent transferred a great part of France's destiny to our hands. To sit back now with this approval and believe the matter is "buttoned up" is to misread the omens. For now the major effort of American diplomacy must shift from Paris—where it has been concentrated for three years—to Bonn, where a critically new chapter begins.

This year the West German government will be making the gravest decisions of Europe, and our interests are as deeply involved in them as they have been in France's in 1954. The Bonn government by its charter laws, by its choice of command personnel, and by the political orientation it gives the new German army will be adding the most potent new ingredient to world politics since the Communists formed the peasant levies of Asia into satellite Red armies.

Only superficially will these administrative acts of the West German government be internal affairs; in reality, they involve our future just as deeply as did France's four-year debate on foreign policy. Well managed and properly used, this new German army may add great force and power to Atlantic diplomacy. But if the Germans are hastily rushed to arms, if as in the past the German army sets itself up as an independent policymaking body, not only may German democracy be destroyed, but the Atlantic alliance as well.

In the shaping of the new German army our influence can be preponderant. For the Germans, like the French, cannot at this moment break with the Atlantic alliance which is their guarantee of security. The French voted with every misgiving and doubt, but nonetheless positively, that our influence would be used quickly and wisely.

Guilt by Typography

"Society does not grant tax exemption for the purpose of undermining it," says the report of Congressman Carroll Reece's Special Committee

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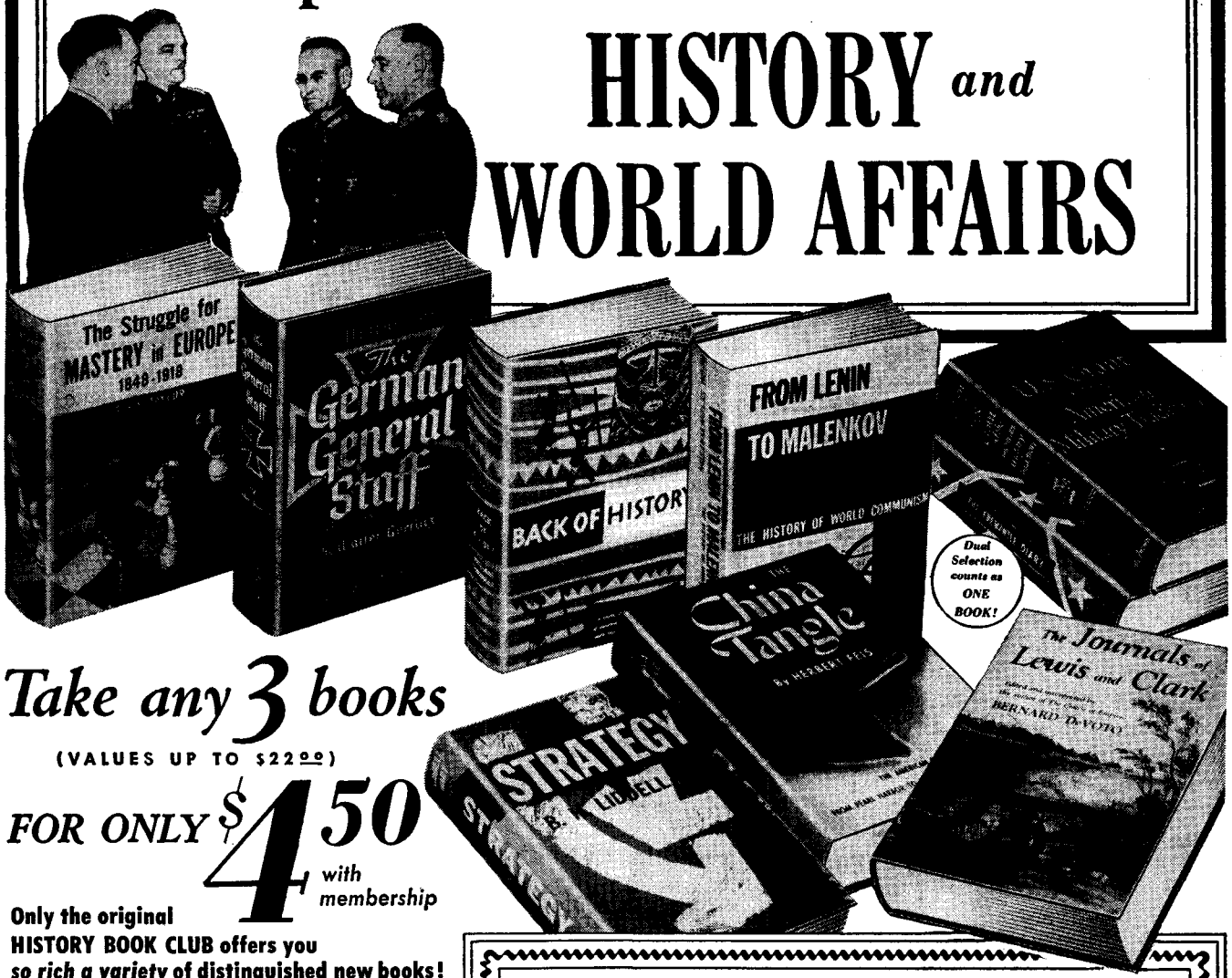
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to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations. To read his majority report is to look at the world from so curious a perspective that it hardly seems the same world the rest of us are living in. It moves us one step further into that looking-glass world ruled by the great god Citation.

Throughout its 416 pages Mr. Reece's report distinguishes between the cited and the uncited by rendering all cited names in capital and small capital letters. This was done, according to the report itself, "in order to identify them immediately as having been cited by the Attorney General of the United States, or by various governmental agencies for associations and affiliations of a questionable character." The list of authorities whose citations Reece takes seriously includes, of course, the Un-American Activities Committee and the U.S. Attorney General. It also includes Mr. Reece's own committee, and "Other government agencies, state or municipal, etc."

The reader can see at a glance whom Mr. Reece doesn't like, even without bothering to read why. You can tell at a glance that men like STUART CHASE and GEORGE KENNAN are beyond the pale, and are not to be confused with ordinary Americans like Alfred Kohlberg or the committee's own friendly witnesses.

The report's appendix is a great convenience. It sums up the evidence against the capitalized members of our society. GEORGE KENNAN, for example, made the list with the following entry: "Organization and affiliation: Spoke on Communist China. Source: New York *Times,* May 9, 1950, p. 16"

There are evidently all sorts of editorial troubles when you separate the sheep from the goats with a typographical gimmick. In the Reece report Alger Hiss is sometimes ALGER HISS (cited) and sometimes just Alger Hiss (O.K.). But about one name there is no doubt at all. At the conclusion of the report, in clear, unmistakable capitals and small capitals, appears B. CARROLL REECE.

Medical Note

Somewhat belatedly, we are informed that in the course of certain stirring events in the Senate last November, twenty-three physicians of Wichita, Kansas, sent the following petition to Senator Frank Carlson:

"We the undersigned . . . urge that the treatment of traumatic bursitis at Bethesda Naval Hospital be modernized and improved to result in less prolonged disability."

Pigeons, Alas

The battle of technology with instinct has seldom been more sharply presented than in the case of the German pigeons. It seems that out of two thousand homing pigeons sent out from Munich last year, only six found their way home; and out of six thousand sent from Karlsruhe, 3,500 were lost. They were lost, according to a heap of evidence, because they got into beams from a radar apparatus. The electronic guide for man became the destroyer of direction for pigeons.

It is sad that delicate man-made devices should either blunt or cancel the delicate instruments of nature, but this seems to be happening. Amplification of sound has coarsened the ear, artificial illumination has dimmed the eye, and the precipitations of industrial waste in the air can certainly be doing the nose and mouth no good. Perhaps only touch is left in its pure state, uncorrupted by the machine. Touch, if not feeling.

The Ladejinsky Case

There is no doubt about it: Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson has a passion for hot water.

For nearly two years his rigid opposition to rigid parity prices had kept him busy trying to persuade farmers that Republicans didn't really favor a depression in the farming business. Then he was bailed out by the Congressional elections, which showed that he was not so disastrously unpopular as the Democrats had hoped.

Meanwhile, having won control of Congress, the Democrats had been looking around for a good issue on which to hang a full exposure of the security-risk "numbers game." They were encouraged by the President's comment of last November 23 that the whole security system was being reviewed. Secretary Benson, a willing head for the lion's mouth, picked this moment to fire Wolf Ladejinsky, the American agricultural attaché in Tokyo. Two Democratic Senators have already jumped on the case and doubtless more will follow.

It wasn't only Benson's timing that was providential from the Democrats' standpoint. He also picked the wrong case:

Ladejinsky has made a great and deserved reputation as an American expert on land reform, and his ideas have a sizable following in several Asian countries. Land reform (in Asia at least) has wide bipartisan support on Capitol Hill. The Democrats will be able to bring the Ladejinsky case into the forthcoming debate on a big new Asian-aid program.

Though Benson said his security man recommended that he fire Ladejinsky under the President's security order, the State Department had cleared him on the same set of facts, using the same Presidential criteria, acting under the same order. One of the oddities in the case is that it makes a hero out of the State Department's security chief, Scott McLeod.

The procedure used was abnormally sloppy. Ladejinsky first heard about Benson's action through the press release on the subject. Neither Benson, his security officer, nor anybody else notified Ladejinsky of any charges or reasons for his dismissal from the Tokyo post, even though he happened to be right on hand in Washington when all this was going on.

Ladejinsky has been cleared many times before for important assignments under both Democratic and Republican Administrations. The facts were always the same as those Benson has now revealed: He worked for Amtorg in 1930, and he still has relatives in Russia. His case therefore enables the Democrats to bring up sharply one of the most vulnerable points in the security system: the fact that a government worker never is really cleared, that his jeopardy is not merely double but multiple and continuous.

Ladejinsky has long had a powerful Congressional sponsor, Representative Walter Judd (R., Minnesota), who carries more weight on Asian matters than anybody else in the House of Representatives.

Publicity on the case came from the Department of Agriculture, not

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from Ladejinsky. Benson cannot therefore claim that the damage to the victim's public reputation was Ladejinsky's own doing.

In the end, the damage will probably be to Benson's reputation. The road he has chosen leads to Congressional committees, and in a Democratic Congress that means hot water for a Republican Cabinet officer. But probably that's the way he likes it.

THE OTHER DAY the New York *Post*, by one of those inspired typographical errors which occasionally enrich the language, reported that "the State Department had sleared him [Ladejinsky] last spring." The "sleared" was caught and eliminated in later editions, but we propose that it be adopted as one of the most useful neologisms we have come across in a long time.

There'll Always Be a Wales

The following news story is reprinted from the *News Chronicle* of London:

"A dispute over the proportion of oats to chaff in the daily diet of 17 pit ponies has stopped production at a South Wales coal mine.

"The 17 ponies work underground at Blaenant Colliery, Glamorgan, hauling wagons from the coal face to the pit bottom. And the 17 hauliers who attend them have gone on strike, claiming that the ponies are not getting a square meal.

"Yesterday the pit which employs 225 men and produces 2,000 tons of coal a week was idle.

"The hauliers contend that the 32 pounds of food a day given to each pony contained too much chaff and not enough oats. The Coal Board replied that the 17 ponies had a balanced diet consisting of the same mixture given to every other pit pony in the coalfield. Then the hauliers answered: 'Yes, but our ponies have got to work harder than any others we know of.'

"One of the hauliers said last night: 'The ponies have been losing weight and energy although we bolster up their rations with crusts and potatoes we bring ourselves. It is the oats that puts the spirit into them. They can get as much chaff as they like, but that will not get them to work.'"

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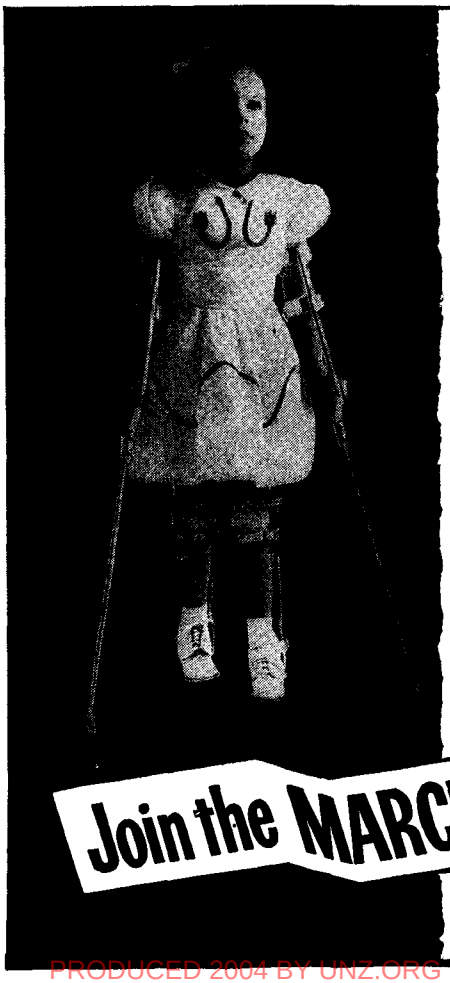

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE NEW SENATE is to act on a whole series of treaties—to arm Germany, to defend Southeast Asia, to protect the island home of Nationalist China. The smallest of these agreements, the one with Chiang Kai-shek, may prove the most troublesome when it reaches the Senate. In a Special Report based on talks with a number of lawyers, **Harlan Cleveland** locates the trap doors in the Formosa treaty.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale are two of the most prominent Protestant figures in this country. In temperament and thinking they are poles apart; they influence very different audiences in radically different directions; the fact that both are Protestant ministers illustrates the broad sweep of American Protestantism—with its hundreds of denominations and its millions of adherents who make it the religion of the majority of Americans. **William Lee Miller** looks at these two men. In presenting his articles—together with **William Harlan Hale's** inspiring report on a very special effort that is being made by a devoted group of Protestant ministers in a slum area of a great city—*The Reporter* is not attempting the impossible task of surveying American Protestantism as a whole. But we think that the three articles make an important contribution to the understanding of three fundamental trends in the religious life of the country. They are studies of living men and their relations to the social, spiritual, and even economic and political problems that we are facing at this particular point in history.

Mr. Miller, who drew on material gathered by Robert Good in preparing a dissertation on Niebuhr, is a professor in the Department of Religion at Smith College. He is well known to our readers. Mr. Hale, returning to his writing on American history and current affairs after several years in government service, has always had a special interest in Protestant religious matters. His next book, *Innocence Abroad,* is scheduled for publication in the near future.

WHEN Hitler and the Nazis were destroyed, the United States spent much effort in a sincere endeavor to suggest to the German people that they should never again place their confidence and their hopes in armed force. Now, for some time past, the United States has spent much effort, with equal sincerity, in endeavoring to persuade the German people that they must join the defense of western Europe. Many Germans seem to have learnt the first lesson so well that they are unwilling to heed our present appeal. **Norbert Muhlen** is the author of *The Return of Germany: A Tale of Two Countries* and co-author of a forthcoming history of the June, 1953, uprisings in the satellite countries. A transatlantic commuter, he writes from Germany for American periodicals and from the United States for Swiss and German papers.

Isaac Deutscher presents once again a well-informed, personal observation on Russian policy. He is the author of *Stalin: A Political Biography.* His latest *Reporter* article (December 2, 1954) was on "The New Soviet Policy Toward the Satellites."

The great nationalist wave sweeps over the Far East and the Europeans who once dominated the Far East but who are no longer in control. We read about battles and subversion and famine, and sometimes about economic progress. We make the necessary changes on the maps, putting new colors here and there. But we get few authentic stories about what these great changes in history mean to living individuals. What, for instance, happens to the Dutch who have lived all their lives in Indonesia? **Jean Lyon,** former correspondent for the New York *Times,* has lived and traveled in the Far East for several years. She now tells of a Dutchwoman in Indonesia and the great misfortune she has to face.

WE ARE PROUD to publish excerpts from **J. Robert Oppenheimer's** address "Prospects in The Arts and Sciences," delivered as the closing speech in the series commemorating Columbia University's bicentennial celebration. We are sorry that we have not the space to publish the address in full. This speech shows the man of science at his magnificent best, that is to say inextricably bound to the concerns of humanity. For a long time science seemed to exist apart in a world of its own; it is characteristic of our age that these boundaries are being abolished by the scientist himself. The Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton speaks in this sense, with sober eloquence and deep emotion.

The broadcast by **Eric Sevareid** that we publish in this issue deals with the humility that marked the best of war correspondents.

Margaret Halsey's first books were very successful and were often extremely funny. We all remember *With Malice Toward Some.* But for the sensitive writer and conscientious citizen, these times are not conducive to permanently humorous production. Miss Halsey's most recent book, *The Folks At Home,* although deftly and charmingly unponderous, was a serious study of everyday morality. In her article in this issue, she writes with indignation about the fears that beset us and the cowardice with which too many of us face them. Here is one individual who is not afraid.

John Kenneth Galbraith, who reviews Georges Blond's book on the last days of the Hitler régime, was Director of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey and in that capacity had occasion to interview and examine many of the surviving Nazi leaders. Mr. Galbraith, a frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* is a professor of economics at Harvard and the author of *American Capitalism* and *A Theory of Price Control.*

Our cover, showing warships in the Strait of Formosa, is by **San Bon Matsu.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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CORRESPONDENCE

CO-OPS

To the Editor: On the whole, Mr. Murray D. Lincoln's article "Co-ops: How Big Can They Get?" (*The Reporter*, December 2) was extremely fair and enlightening. However, I was disappointed to read the factually incorrect statement that "Co-operatives, of course, pay taxes, all the taxes that other businesses pay." Whether they should have special privileges or not is a matter of public policy. But one must be aware of the fact that they do have a special tax privilege.

RAY A. GOLDBERG
Fargo, North Dakota

To the Editor: Mr. Lincoln believes, as most of us in the movement do, that the economic jealousy of monopoly-minded entrepreneurs is a threat to co-ops. There is another factor that hampers our growth. I would call it a belief in an "open end" economy, our capacity for limitless expansion.

In Europe, especially Britain where co-ops are strongest, the workingman needs to conserve what he makes. He gives himself a raise by making what he has go further, through his co-op and its "divvy." In this country when prices go up, the trade-unionist's answer is simple; he negotiates or strikes for a raise. He is producer-minded.

In this country, three-fourths of the membership in producer and consumer co-ops is among farmers, who constitute less than one-fourth the population of the country. Labor unions are increasingly taking an interest in co-ops, especially in Akron, but the bulk of urban membership is still in the white-collar groups, motivated by idealism and sociability.

GEORGE TICHENOR
Editor, the *Cooperator*
New York

To the Editor: My seven years in Denmark and Sweden turned me into an enthusiastic addict of the co-operative way of doing things. But perhaps one would be permitted to point out some shortcomings in Mr. Lincoln's otherwise excellent article:

Mr. Lincoln, in his outstanding position of co-op leadership, will no doubt be aware of the tremendous problems which large co-ops face with respect to their membership relations. It often happens that the "elected" board of directors and the managerial hierarchy have no more direct contact with the grass roots than say Mr. Curtice and his General Motors melody boys have. It then becomes a matter of philosophical hair splitting operationally to distinguish between patronage refund and stock dividend, the one-member-one-vote provision notwithstanding.

Although Mr. Lincoln's suggestion for REA and National Rural Electric Cooperative Association co-operation in development of atomic energy is a testimony to great vision and imagination, I still wonder why one has to proselyte about it. There is no "gospel according to co-operatives." I believe that co-operation in America is neither an ideology nor a way of life, but only a special form of capitalistic enterprise. It should not be adhered to unless it can do a job as good or better than any other form of business enterprise.

FRANK MEISSNER
Assistant in Agricultural Economics
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

ONE VOTE FOR SANITY

To the Editor: V. S. Pritchett's review of *Individualism Reconsidered* by David Riesman (*The Reporter*, December 16) was stimulating—and provocative. By some mysterious process of reasoning both reviewer and author appear to equate (1) neurosis with the intellectual and (2) individualism with both. In the ingenious combination of these three factors lies the only hope for our mechanized society—in the sick and maladjusted lies the last vanguard for individualism.

Without being violently aggressive about the matter, I should like to submit that it is this very combination of elements which, far from preserving our individualism, is flooding the offices of our psychiatrists and overcrowding our mental hospitals. Moreover, the penchant for social dissection of the "masses" displayed by these noble lonely ones is so often prompted by their own egocentrism and hyperacute sense of the elite. I find the term "intellectual" an amorphous one—so often it is a mere façade for the shallow obscurantism which has become fashionable (and possibly developed as a form of resistance to the pressures of conformity discussed in Mr. Pritchett's review); in fact, a more rigid example of conformity probably cannot be found than among the cult of intellectual individualists. And neurosis breeds not freedom but restraint.

It may be that our hope lies rather in the adjusted and intelligent individual who is concerned with improving himself as a social being on the theory that a well-integrated person never has any trouble keeping his identity even in a mechanized society. This is not intended to be an "anti-intellectual" protest, but it seems to me that both Mr. Pritchett and Mr. Riesman might well re-examine the terms that they use with such facility.

ALISON C. PETERS
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

STRATEGY

To the Editor: I am somewhat surprised that in their two excellent reviews of *Power and Policy*, such thoughtful writers as Walter Millis and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (*The Reporter*, December 2), both failed to point a finger at an essential fallacy of the Finletter concept.

This is the unspoken assumption that our "air-atomic" power cannot be effective as a deterrent unless its volume is sufficient, to use Schlesinger's phrase, "to destroy the Russian state," i.e., to bring about unconditional surrender (or disintegration) through a nuclear air blitz alone.

I should think that something less might well operate as a deterrent. Even if a nation were confident that it could survive, I should not think that any nation, even Russia, would lightly risk the destruction of say even only twenty-five major cities, plus incalculable fall-out effects, in the gamble of gaining a quick knockout of the United States. After all, Russia has alternatives, and so far as I know is in no hurry—unless we make it unduly nervous as to our own intentions.

In this light I suggest not only that we may need no increase in the size of the strategic bombing force, but that a lesser force may well prove an adequate deterrent as the more powerful weapons become available. This would, within a budget not likely to be increased appreciably, give us more conventional arms with which to resist local aggression effectively without resort to massive retaliation.

Despite his useful contributions and his sincerity, I am afraid Mr. Finletter still reflects the immaturity of the Air Force's (and perhaps the nation's) preoccupation with sheer numbers and brute strength in lieu of common sense and a bit of guile.

STUART B. BARBER
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editor: That Mr. Millis has missed the main point is indicated by the fact that conceding the need for sufficient air-atomic forces to deter an atomic attack on us, he comments in an off-hand manner and with no attempt at proof: "It is probable that we have done that much already, and that the further amassing of thermonuclear supremacy is more likely to invite the imagined sneak attack than to avert it." This is the sole reference in the review, even by indirection, to Mr. Finletter's chief thesis. What is this thesis? It is: (1) that at our present rate of build-up, we are likely soon to *lose* the air-atomic supremacy that we have so far enjoyed; and (2) that the bases from which our counterattack would be launched are frighteningly vulnerable to an atomic blitz (for example, funds have been lacking to provide underground facilities for storing planes and vital equipment, or adequate radar screen and fighter defenses).

Now these are assertions of quite literally life-and-death importance, and everything depends on whether they are true or not. In this field Mr. Finletter speaks with the grave authority of an ex-Secretary of the Air Force, that is to say a man with exceptional sources of information who is at the same time free to call the shots as he sees them, without regard to any official line.

It seems also extremely unfair to portray Mr. Finletter as—so to speak—"more dull than Dulles" on the issue of massive retaliation. Nowhere, I think, has there been published a more penetrating and cogent analysis of the difficulties and limitations of the massive retaliation doctrine than in his book.

EMILE BENOIT-SMULLYAN
New York

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SPECIAL REPORT

Troubled Waters: The Formosa Strait

HARLAN CLEVELAND

IN A FEW weeks' time, the United States Senate will take up the Mutual Defense Treaty with the Republic of China. Its reception may not be as smooth as the Administration thinks. Nobody will attack the aim: to defend Formosa from the Chinese Communists. But the document Secretary Dulles has signed contains two traps that could prove fatal to its ratification.

There is both an American and a Chinese reason for having a treaty. When President Truman issued his original order neutralizing Formosa and sending the Seventh Fleet into the Strait of Formosa, his action was justified by the Korean War. But the war in Korea is over—or anyway Washington assumes that it's over. The new treaty provides a new justification to keep the Seventh Fleet patrolling the China Seas.

The Chinese Nationalists want this treaty as long-term insurance. They know it carries no tangible benefit they don't already have. They know that the leaders of both our political parties are determined to defend Formosa. But they want a solemn treaty saying so.

Trap No. 1

The treaty itself is short and simple. Following the NATO model, it says the United States and China will each act "in accordance with its constitutional processes" to meet the "common danger" created by an armed attack against the territories of either of them. For purposes of the treaty, China's "territories" are defined as Formosa and the Pescadores Islands.

There was so much political nonsense in this country two years ago about "unleashing" Chiang that the new treaty has been widely interpreted as "releashing" him. But he was never going anywhere without American support, and he at least has known it right along.

The treaty is not, however, a mere ratification of the obvious. The important point is that, for the first time in an instrument requiring Senate action, the United States formally recognizes that Formosa and the Pescadores are part of the Republic of China.

FOR THE better part of ten years, the United States has been carefully ducking every chance to say that Formosa belongs to China. At Cairo, to be sure, Roosevelt joined with Churchill and Chiang in declaring their "purpose" to restore to the Republic of China "all the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores." But the Cairo Declaration did not require Senate action, and when we got around to signing a peace treaty with the Japanese in 1951, there were two rival Chinese governments to reckon with. Our major ally, Britain, recognized the Communist one. We could therefore agree with the British on only a single sentence: "Japan renounces all right, title and claim to Formosa and the Pescadores." We had to leave out the whole question of who was to inherit these strategic chunks of earth.

The point is not just a legal nicety. The Communists have repeatedly charged us with "aggression" for the help we have given to the Nationalists in defending Formosa. They regard their fight for Formosa as an internal Chinese matter, and the Soviet Union backs up the claim that Formosa is Chinese. Indeed, on this point the Nationalists agree. The juridical status of Formosa is not an issue in China's continuing civil war. Both sides are sure the island belongs to China.

The question is, to which China? We recognize only one of the governments claiming the right to wear the China label, but we can't help seeing that our claimant is the less powerful of the two. We don't have the military strength to enable our man to establish his claim beyond the offshore islands he now controls. If we formally recognize Formosa and the Pescadores as territories of Chiang's China, won't our friends the British, who are stuck with their recognition of the Communists four years ago, be forced to consider the islands as territories of another China, run by Mao Tse-tung?

In order to keep Formosa free from Communist control, we may later want to argue that the island isn't necessarily part of the "China" that now controls the mainland. If instead we bind the islands to the mainland's fate by treaty, we tie our own hands and the hands of our Allies in the Far East.

One trap in the China treaty is thus the recognition of Formosa and the Pescadores as part of China. This may well have been inadvertence: The extraordinary fact is that this question was not even discussed in

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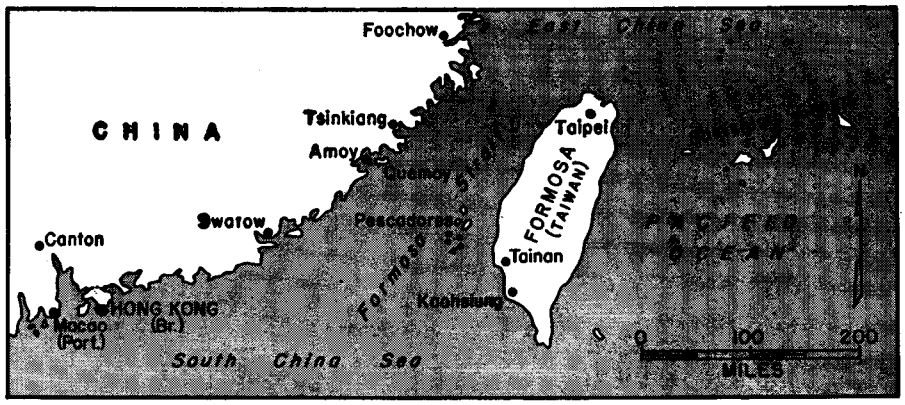

the negotiations leading up to the signing on December 2, 1954.

Trap No. 2

The other trap cannot be something the negotiators overlooked. It is the effect of the treaty in brushing aside the United Nations.

Suppose that tomorrow the Chinese Communists should launch a real attack on Formosa. Our treaty would obligate us to come to the rescue. But would we get any help, any military aid or moral support, from the British and other friends with interests and armed vessels and warplanes in the Far East?

The help is there for the asking—if we ask through the United Nations. Mr. Anthony Nutting, Britain's Minister of State at the United Nations, said it very clearly the other day: "A Chinese Communist attack on Formosa is an attack upon a member of the United Nations and would no doubt call for collective action by the United Nations in which we would of course be involved as a member of the U.N." This remark, made on the "Meet the Press" television program, whipped up a brief political gale in England, but Nutting's superiors took pains not to contradict what he had said.

How does the treaty deal with the United Nations? In a resigned sort of way, it repeats the 1949 NATO formula on the subject: "Any such armed attack and all measures taken as a result thereof shall be immediately reported to the Security Council of the United Nations. Such measures shall be terminated when the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to restore and maintain international peace and security."

By specifying the paralytic Security Council as the organ in which we would raise the matter, the treaty ignores the possibility of action by the General Assembly under the "Uniting for Peace" resolution worked out by Secretary Acheson in 1950. As now written, the treaty is a blueprint for going it alone.

WE WERE able to act in Korea through the United Nations because it had previously guaranteed the integrity of South Korea. Now that the U.S. government is clear that it wants a neutralized Formosa, not a Knowlandish adventure on the mainland, isn't it time for the United Nations to share with us the danger in the Formosa Strait?

The Chinese Nationalists would not be happy about the United Nations taking jurisdiction over their fight with the Chinese Communists—any more than the French wanted the United Nations in Indo-China until it was too late. But in this era of unlocalized wars, Americans can hardly agree that Formosa is anybody's "internal matter."

The American Association for the United Nations has already suggested a line of action that both the British and we could support. "The United States," says the A.A.U.N., "should join in sponsoring or supporting a proposal that the United Nations, without regard to the question of recognition, as to which its members are presently divided, should at once call upon both the authorities now in control of the government on Formosa and the authorities now in control of the government on the mainland of China to cease the use of armed force against each other in this area in the interest of world peace. . . ." Such an action would bring many of the free nations into the fray on the day a Red invasion force began its attack on Formosa. The backing of our friends in the United Nations, added to our own well-known determination not to let Formosa be taken over, should deter the invasion if any advance warning can deter it—and defeat it if the Chinese Communists were so rash as to ignore the collective warning. The Mutual Defense Treaty bypasses the United Nations, and makes it practically impossible for our Allies to help us even if they want to. The Senate will have to decide whether it wants to assert that we will go it alone in the world's No. 1 trouble spot.

Is This Treaty Necessary?

How did a treaty that so hobbles our freedom of action ever see the light of day? The real reason, which cannot be found in the official explanations, can be bluntly stated. The Eisenhower Administration needs a treaty with the fire-eating wing of the Republican Party.

The Chinese Nationalists want to be reassured about the defense of Formosa, but they are in no position to insist that we codify our policy in treaty form. Senator Knowland and his followers want the same assurance, and they have the political power to compel it.

Now it's entirely proper for the Secretary of State to wish for a peace settlement with the Senate Republican Leader. Partisan passion about China has been a feature of our politics for too long already. Americans should be able to get together on the simple proposition that the Communists will be kept out of Formosa and the Pescadores—that, as Secretary Dulles has said, ". . . those islands are not for trade or bargain or anything else."

But let's not settle our internal fights by international treaty. For if the Mutual Defense Treaty is ratified as it stands, we shall have sealed ourselves in a puzzle box and thrown away the key. If there is war in the Strait of Formosa, we shall have blocked off the avenue of getting some help from our Allies through the United Nations. And if there is peace, we shall have given the Reds a better claim to Formosa and the Pescadores than they could ever have thought up for themselves.

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The Irony Of Reinhold Niebuhr

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE MAGAZINE *Time*, with its way of making everything sound a little foolish, told its readers recently that "sin is back in fashion." This somewhat ambiguous announcement accompanied a picture, not of a new fall line in apples, serpents, and fig leaves, but of America's foremost theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr.

Time seems to like Niebuhr, and also to like the theological "fashion" for which he is the chief spokesman. But this Lucenthusiasm may demonstrate what Mr. Niebuhr himself might call the hazards and perils—possibly even the ambiguities and paradoxes—of success. For Mr. Niebuhr may find himself the victim of his own greatness, admired but misunderstood, praised but not followed. In fact, Mr. Niebuhr's whole position in America may be filled, appropriately enough, with irony.

Certainly the admiration of the Luce enterprises has its ironical aspects. *Time* and *Life* themselves provide excellent examples of much that Mr. Niebuhr criticizes.

Niebuhr warns against the cocky assurance that America is an innocent nation, and says we should remember the limits and the perils of our great power; *Life* speaks glowingly of "The American Century." Niebuhr indicts the comfortable who look upon their prosperity as evidence of their virtue and as an occasion for self-congratulation rather than gratitude; *Life* lyrically extols the achievements of American capitalism, with four-color pictures. Niebuhr counsels against extravagant estimates of man's ability to control history; *Time* and *Life* denounce the Democrats for losing China. Niebuhr finds inordinate drives in every man that make him capable of the misuse of power; *Time* and *Life* uncritically glorify Chiang Kai-shek and General MacArthur. Niebuhr is constantly attacking all forms of self-righteous moralism; *Life* says that if Stevenson is elected it will be by the vice rings of the big cities. Niebuhr says that

history does not have its final meaning and fulfillment within itself; *Time* marches on.

THE LUCE publications are powerful representatives of a conservatism which likes religion, which especially likes the doctrine of original sin, and which sometimes seems to think it finds support in Niebuhr. A political scientist, E. V. Walter, writing about the "recrudescence" of conservatism, says that Niebuhr "has strangely been transformed into an inverted Condorcet for the 1950s," a pessimist for the conservative present corresponding to that optimist of the revolutionary past. But if Niebuhr is thought of in these terms, it is, as Walter says, by "a curious transvaluation and oversimplification." Niebuhr has often been misunderstood by liberals who like his politics but dislike his theology; he may now be misunderstood by conservatives who like his theology but dislike his politics. Both make the error of assuming that his religious position and his political one can be separated. But they cannot be separated.

Pessimistic Idealism

The evidence that Niebuhr is not to be found on the conservative side in daily politics is simply monumental. For thirty years he has poured forth an unending and incredibly profuse stream of articles to every conceivable journal on the non-Communist Left amounting, according to one student who tried to count them and kept finding ever new liberal magazines in which, sure enough, Niebuhr had written something, to over one thousand. He has participated in, helped to form, guided, or supported an uncountable number of organizations, movements, parties, and groups, including notably the A.D.A., its predecessor the U.D.A., and the Liberal Party in New York. He used to answer questions about his own political position by saying that the one sure thing was that he never voted Republican.

It may be said that "conservative" is to be understood in a more sophisticated sense, and that Niebuhr, whatever his own politics, has helped to create a conservative philosophy. Peter Viereck, chief spokesman of the "new conservatism," admires Niebuhr deeply; he predicted in a New York *Times* review that before the end of the decade Niebuhr would be our most influential social thinker, and he says that his own attack on a fuzzy liberalism was partly set off by Niebuhr's brave statement on breaking his ties with the *Nation*

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to protest a fellow-traveling foreign policy. Francis Wilson, one of the new conservatives among political scientists, says he finds Niebuhr a stimulating alternative to the eighteenth-century presuppositions in much current political thought.

Niebuhr does provide something quite different from what we probably mean by "eighteenth-century presuppositions." He resists any tendency to think of history as controlled by laws like those of nature, and also any tendency to overestimate man's freedom to manage his own destiny; he sees the partiality and historical conditioning of all reasoning about society; he sees man's finitude as well as his freedom; and he points to the power of tradition, habit, and the organic continuities of social life.

But though these positions may often be seen more readily by the conservative, they are not in themselves so much a matter of conservativism as of the profundity of one's social understanding. The question is, Having recognized these stubborn facts, what then is one's position? The conservative gives one answer, Niebuhr gives another. The conservative takes the traditional and existing relationships not just as fact but also as norm; Niebuhr sees them as facts that must be taken into account in action that finds its norm elsewhere, in a Biblical understanding of justice. Niebuhr understands man and history realistically, not to discourage any challenge to the status quo but so that a challenge will be more effective.

THE ENTHUSIASM of the new American conservatism for Niebuhr's attack on liberal "illusions" is ironic because in American politics these illusions characterize both sides, and perhaps especially the conservative side. Niebuhr said in an article about the Republican victory in 1952, "American conservatism is not conservative at all in the traditional sense; it is a part of the traditional liberal movement, and it exhibits the defects of its creed, but it has not retained many of its virtues."

But neither is Niebuhr to be identified with a traditional conservatism. He may discover certain virtues therein, such as a better understanding of the role of power and interest, especially in international relations. He would join a conservative like Sir Winston Churchill in saying, of the social engineer's prediction that soon we shall be able to control even the thoughts in men's minds, that in that day he would be content to be dead. But a look at, say, Niebuhr's chapter on the ethics of the privileged classes in *Moral Man and Immoral Society*, or his critique of orthodoxy in *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, indicates that he is not really in sympathy with a conservatism even of the more domesticated sort. One suspects that if he were a Britisher, despite his appreciation of Sir Winston, he would be found in the Opposition. For conservatives' views, like everyone else's, are colored by their interest, and they overestimate the virtues and underestimate the injustices of the existing order and of their own position. They differ from their opponents not in their partiality but in their having more power to effectuate their views. They usually have inertia on their side too. What Niebuhr calls "relative justice" will usually not be with the conservatives, however cultured or humane or "new," but with their opponents.

The biggest irony is in relating Niebuhr to the conservatives' fond regard for religion as a help in the proper ordering of society. Russell Kirk, one of the writers working this new conservative vein, who finds conservatism to be a unified movement from the time of Edmund Burke right down to the present, sets forth as the very first principle of this conservative tradition a belief in the Providence of God. And there is a great deal of conservative talk about sin, especially original sin, and the need it is supposed to introduce for hierarchy and authority and prescription in society.

Neither Beast Nor Angel

Niebuhr is not the father of all this but rather its most trenchant critic. Original sin is not, for him, just another name for "man's" being "evil," which then leads to some authoritative politics; it is rather a part of the whole of Christian doctrine, from which it cannot very fruitfully be extracted. Original sin involves also an original righteousness; it is the result of a "fall," and a fall must be from some height. Man is not "evil," but of a unique and mixed nature that includes a "memory" of a righteousness which even his worst acts cannot wholly erase, and to which his uneasy conscience always

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, born in 1892 in Missouri, the son of a German evangelical pastor, has had an incredibly productive career as a writer (fifteen books, contributions to about thirty more books, countless articles), as a teacher (at Union Theological Seminary in New York), and as a theologian (he was the fifth American to be honored by being asked to give the Gifford Lectures at the University of Edinburgh; published as *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, they constitute his major—and most difficult—work). But throughout his career he has been known for his eloquence as a preacher with a biting awareness of social reality. He once wrote: "I am not so much scholar as preacher . . . I confess that the gradual unfolding of my theological ideas has come not so much through study as through the pressure of world events."

His counsel has often been sought by the highest government officials and he has been a vigorous leader in world church gatherings. But no summary of his activities could capture the full impact of his thought and personality. To many, the first contact with Niebuhr, either as a preacher or as a writer, has been a moment of great discovery.

Here is a brief bibliography:

Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic: Wise, humorous personal notes from his days in a Detroit parish; the easiest of his books.

An Interpretation of Christian Ethics: Includes a critique of Christian liberalism (too relaxed and optimistic) and of Christian orthodoxy (irrelevant and escapist).

The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness: Gives Niebuhr's criticism of the purely humanistic grounds for democracy and his own defense of democracy on the basis of Christian realism.

Moral Man and Immoral Society: This sharp statement of Niebuhr's position in 1932 can still be read with profit.

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attests. He has a capacity for justice that makes democracy possible, as well as a capacity for injustice that makes it necessary.

Niebuhr's position leads to a heightened, not a lowered, view of the true stature of man. It is man's actual performance, his failure to live in accord with his stature, of which Niebuhr takes a dim view. His appraisal of human nature is not just a negative one, which after all a lot of people do hold, but rather a problematic one.

Man lives in a tension between the law of love (which makes demands upon him relevant to every situation in life) and his constant failure to fulfill that law completely. If there are political consequences of his view, they are not conservative but quite the reverse: a constant criticism of the injustices that every social order in a fallen world contains, an unremitting effort to achieve the always greater but never final measure of justice that is possible. Niebuhr's doctrine of sin leads to a dynamic view of life; it leads neither to despair nor to complacency—those two supports of quietism and conservatism—but rather to a permanent reform.

Gott Mit Uns?

Of course it is dangerous to draw specific political conclusions directly from religious doctrines; conservatives often fail to see this danger, which Niebuhr continually points out. He says that religion has often been a source of "confusion" in politics. The religious are always prone to an idolatry in which they confuse their own political programs with the will of the Almighty. They are tempted to think they can reason straight from some religious doctrine (like that of original sin) to a final political position. But no religious doctrine of itself solves any social problem. There is no substitute for concrete moral and political insight. Niebuhr wrote recently of the unwillingness of the European theologian Karl Barth wholeheartedly to condemn Communist tyranny: "The whole performance prompts revulsion against every pretension to derive detailed political judgments from ultimate theological positions. When a man lacks ordinary common sense in reacting against evil, no amount of theological sophistication will help him."

Faith Despite Failure

One cause of the ironic misinterpretation of Niebuhr is that he combines political wisdom, both practical and theoretical, with theological profundity; not many others do. He represents simultaneously diverse abilities and different currents of thought with such force and resolution that it is difficult for anyone else to hold together all the parts of what he says. Niebuhr's unique contribution depends upon these combinations of Christian doctrine and American pragmatic and democratic politics, of speculation and concrete wisdom, of thought and action. Thus it is hard to pass on the whole of what he says to anyone else. More is lost when Niebuhr himself is subtracted from Niebuhrianism than is usual in such cases, for such a large part of Niebuhrianism is what Niebuhr alone can do.

Because Niebuhr forcefully combines diverse talents he often is regarded with a gingerly and ambiguous mixture of awe, admiration, and mistrust. One encounters both in and out of the church counterparts of that good bishop in Detroit who, in introducing Niebuhr some years ago, was careful to disclaim all of Niebuhr's opinions before they were uttered, but assured his hearers that Niebuhr would "make them think."

Not all groups regard Niebuhr with any such mixture of attitudes; in some he is regarded with plain, old-fashioned, unambiguous dislike. He said once, during the prewar days when he was leading the interventionist fight against the deep-rooted isolationism in the Protestant church, "I wish some of these pacifists would hate Hitler more and me less." This dislike appears especially among some of the idealists who have felt the sting of Niebuhr's attack: pacifists, doctrinaire socialists, world-government people, do-gooders, and advocates of various one-shot solutions to world problems. Against them the Niebuhrian adjectives have rolled with telling effect: "sentimental," "idealist," "utopian," "irrelevant," "moralistic," "perfectionist." His reason for opposing such idealistic programs is grounded in his theology: They do not take account of the real nature of man and history; specifically, they ignore the facts of power and interest in society.

Niebuhr has always criticized the idealism of the liberals in American politics, but, it should be noted, as a friend who remained identified with their purposes. The testimony of liberals to what Niebuhr has meant to them makes this plain. A liberal lawyer: "To me, Reinhold Niebuhr is the intellectual and spiritual leader of the anti-Communist Left in the U.S." A liberal American historian and political writer: "Niebuhr showed that it was possible to fight hard for social betterment and reform without surrendering to sentimentality." The editor of a liberal New York daily paper: "To me the real impact of his position is to deepen our awareness of human frailty without destroying our belief in the capacity of man to combat social injustice." A founder of A.D.A.: "More than anyone else he has forced the liberal-radical movement into realistic and pragmatic terms." A recent candidate for President: "I think there are few contemporaries whose literacy and vitality I envy more, whose breadth, perception, and social morality I admire more. Has he had any effect on me? I don't know, but I hope so."

Not all liberals have any such hope. Many hold ironic misinterpretations of Niebuhr like those of the conservatives. Since in Niebuhr's books liberals always have "illusions," we might set down some liberal illusions about Niebuhr.

The first is that he is a "pessimist," "gloomy," and "defeatist," representing the dour outlook of effete "continentals" against American optimism and activism. Actually, nobody could be less melancholic, less morbid and defeatist than Niebuhr. He criticizes, in a very American way, the irrelevance of much of the contemplative and mystical stand in religion. It is his vigor, his constant, confident, practical action, which many of his admirers—his very American admirers—find most impressive. As John Gunther once said, to interview him is like throwing paper airplanes into an electric fan. His books deal almost exclusively with the doctrines—chiefly of man and of history

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—that are most immediately relevant to the practical tasks of life. As to his alleged gloom and pessimism, genuine optimism can afford to be hard-headed about the immediate situation without despair because of an ultimate confidence. And that's Niebuhr.

ANOTHER illusion of some liberals is that Niebuhr is an irrational dogmatist. Anthony West, in a strange review in the *New Yorker* in which he referred to Niebuhr as a "liberal" theologian, argued, as nearly as I can make out, like this: Niebuhr is against reason; reason is the basis of the United Nations; the United Nations is the best hope for peace and mankind; therefore Niebuhr is against peace and mankind. The logical form of this may be perfect, but the proposition on which it is built is mistaken. One feels about this business of being "against reason" that the thing to do with reason is not to defend it but to use it, and Niebuhr does that. He does it in a thoroughgoing way that admits the unreasonable elements that are present in life, especially social life. Which is more rational, to deny these on the basis of some abstract belief in reason or to free the intelligence of illusions and to admit what is really there?

Niebuhr's reasoning is not deductive and systematic but empirical and pragmatic—once again in the American style. He is always testing theoretical constructions against experience. He is primarily a critical thinker, rushing on to indicate a truth, not stopping to formalize it. Therefore his style may leave something to be desired. He is never a definitional writer, carefully polishing his terms and relating them to one another in a system; rather he points to truth that can be observed, sometimes using sweeping generalizations to point to it. The phrases he uses constantly—"too simple," "too confident," "which does not recognize," "does not do justice to," "does not take account of"—are all inexact. He does not say what would be just simple enough, or confident enough, or just when precise justice had been done to the element with which he is concerned. Rather, he makes his judgment and leaves his reader to confirm it from his own experience. The ability to follow Niebuhr therefore depends in part on making the same kind of observation of life that he makes. He is quite the opposite of a dogmatist, arbitrarily applying some a priori scheme to the facts. He is an upsetter of dogma, challenging the complacent acceptance of uncriticized assumptions. This is not always noted because the secular and "liberal" traditions he chal-

lenges may not be conscious of their own dogmas.

The Storm and the Smell

A third illusion is that he is an anachronism, preaching something long since out of date. Some moderns perhaps would make such a charge against any serious Christian position. If one avoids that dogma, then a case might be made for the rather special relevance of Niebuhr's Christianity to our time. He sees a central truth with which our age is concerned, the relativity of all positions; he speaks for a central virtue which our time has recognized, self-criticism. Niebuhr is most radically aware of the partiality of all perspectives and the relativity of all cultures; he and his followers resist, in their horrible phrase, the "absolutizing" of any "relative." In a way what Niebuhr does is to take our twentieth-century understanding of cultural relativism and apply it more thoroughly than its secular spokesmen. He takes the awareness of the need for self-criticism and self-correction, which comes partly from a modern scientific outlook, and applies it even to *that* outlook. But Niebuhr sees the relativity of all points of view, including his own, without falling into a final relativism which denies that there is truth. He does this by standing within the Christian church, which has, and yet does not have, the truth. The church which, as Niebuhr says, has survived like Noah's Ark despite the storm without and the smell within, points to a truth beyond its own stating of it. Before God, who is absolute, the religious man knows all human positions to be relative.

ONE REASON for the misinterpretations is Niebuhr's own many-sidedness. The other big reason lies in the contrast between his historic Christian message and the world in which he preaches. That world receives his preaching with a vast unfamiliarity with Christian terms and a basic resistance to Christian claims; what comes through is therefore often quite fragmentary and distorted. This may be true even within the church, which, where it has abandoned theology and discipline, may find itself thoroughly accommodated to its cultural environment, lacking any real leverage on society. The gingerly reaction to Niebuhr mentioned above may show not that his message is primarily liberal or conservative or even "realistic" but that it is a message of Christian faith and judgment.

Niebuhr the Protestant

Sometimes some of Niebuhr's admirers seem to assume that his social thought can be detached from the Christian faith from which it has been derived. Sometimes, too, intellectual admirers of Niebuhr seem to look upon him as an entirely unique phenomenon, unparalleled, arising apparently without relation to the American Protestantism in which he was born, in which he grew up and was educated, and in which he has spent his whole life and career preaching and teaching. Against all this I venture a suggestion possibly reflecting the special interest of my own partial position: Niebuhr's insight depends upon the faith and the community of faith of which he is a part. He is a product of American Protestant Christianity.

And here, if you can stand it, is just one more irony. For in producing Niebuhr, American Protestantism did better than it intended. But

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then, that's what it always does. Dwight L. Moody converts young college men at revivals; they become leaders of a liberal Protestantism that repudiates Moody's fundamentalism and revivalism; Bishop McConnell and Walter Rauschenbusch inspire young men with the vision of Christian social idealism; the young men turn out to be Niebuhrs who expose the deficiencies of Christian social idealism.

A Living Faith

And what then happens with the followers of Niebuhr? It is to be hoped that we in turn will make another restatement, for a new age, of an eternal message. Perhaps you have noticed in some of us who are products of his teaching a certain derivative quality, a rather wooden way of repeating what we have been taught about "sin" and so on. That won't do. A great European Christian noted the difference between Faust's saying, at the end of a life spent pursuing knowledge, "I now see that we can nothing know," and a freshman saying the same thing his first day in college. A young preacher in Detroit, asked by a parishioner why he didn't preach more on the blood atonement, said he thought he ought to wait until he had shed some himself. There may be a problem with some of us followers of that young preacher, now become this eminent theologian, that we just repeat what he has said without recapturing its meaning in the context of our life.

But the statements of a living faith, unlike rational propositions, do depend upon the context in which they are spoken, and the life and community out of which they are spoken. Protestantism, which is a living faith, is therefore always in need of restatement in new historical situations; it is always rejecting its founders, or rather, affirming them by partly rejecting them. It is at its best a prophetic movement, and the way to follow prophets is not to repeat what they said in past ages but to recapture what they meant, now in relation to a new present age.

So Protestantism is always surprising itself, turning up prophets whom the main body of the church didn't intend or want to turn up. In our time the chief of these is Reinhold Niebuhr.

'Going Down This Street, Lord . . .'

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

MANHATTAN's East 100th Street between First and Second Avenues, running under dank cliffs of old-law tenements peopled by Puerto Ricans and Negroes beside a gutter drift of garbage, broken bedsprings, and dead cats, boasts of no fewer than six churches in one block, which may constitute a record to those looking for statistics on religious effort in a given area.

The block has achieved some other statistical records too. The last round of census takers, climbing over its litter and up its dim-lit, rickety stair wells, reported that an unparalleled total of some four thousand human beings were living in its twenty-seven "multiple dwellings"—a figure that did not include numbers of dope-ridden derelicts who huddle day and night around the bonfires of its vacant lots, and who, as the cop on the beat told me in his best Police Department English, cannot properly be considered residents of the block, since they have "no fixed abode."

Most of the churches wedged among the gin mills, dope pushers' "candy stores," and peddlers' basements of this dark little acre of Christendom belong to the fringe world of Gospel-shouting revivalist sects that mushroom around the habitations of the poor, taking over store fronts or undertakers' parlors with tinsel, a beat-up piano, and variants of the motto "Jesus Saves" to offer the neighbors (for the price of a collection) a chance to chant and dream for an hour or two of the Sweet Bye and Bye. Crudely lettered signs proclaim "The New Jerusalem Holiness Church of the Lord Jesus," "The Church of God of the New Creation in Christ, Inc." Among them is a sign of hardly less rudimentary lettering announcing "East Harlem Protestant Parish 322 E." over the low doorway of what up to five years ago was a butcher shop.

You can pass by No. 322 East a dozen times without detecting any difference between it and the block's other devotional store fronts, so well does its exterior blend with the landscape. When you enter and advance under the low ceiling between rough rows of benches, you find yourself facing, in a setting of subdued yet glowing colors, a raised white communion table surmounted by candles and sprays of evergreen and, above them, before a drapery of deep red, the Cross.

The minister appears, a tall, well-favored man in his early thirties, whose shock of dramatic white hair, richly inflected voice, and vestment of gray with stole of Advent red suggest at first glance a pastor of some fashionable midtown church rather than the shepherd of so bedraggled a community as this. He is the Reverend Norman Eddy, a Congregationalist from Union Theological Seminary—which adds to an outsider's puzzlement, since this does not look like a Congregational church. The worshipers assemble: Puerto Ricans in sweaters or mended jackets, old Negro women in their perennial blacks, a few young mixed bloods, and a stray white or two left behind amid Harlem's shifting tides. The service opens with a stanch hymn of the old Protestant canon, which some of the people sing in English and others in Spanish, and then come the prayers—prayers written for this particular island of mankind and spoken in its own way.

"Most Holy and Merciful Father," the simple General Confession of this parish begins, "we have done many wrongs, and have made many mistakes. We have followed too much our own wishes. Our hearts are not right. . . ." Meanwhile the Puerto Ricans are joining in: *"Padre santo y misericordioso, hemos hecho muchos males y cometido muchas faltas. Hemos seguido nuestros prop-*

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ios deseos. Nuestros corazones están lejos de ti. . . ."

The Long Neglected

This is not a Congregational church. Along with three other churches that compose this unique East Harlem parish (one of them set up in an old warehouse, another in a former gambling joint), it is an entirely new kind of church, namely a collective Protestant church. Eight separate major denominations pool funds to support it, and they jointly oversee it. Pastors, seminarians, and Home Missions Boards around the country are watching it and its sister chapels to see whether possibly this East Harlem "experiment" may offer an example and an inspiration to the fractured world of Protestantism. Meanwhile the parish goes ahead by a dynamics of its own, organized as a tightly knit, suprasectarian unit that reports chiefly to itself, with its own agreed form of worship and liturgy and an aggressive social creed that would make an old-line Methodist or Baptist from the Bible Belt turn and shiver.

Besides Mr. Eddy at 100th Street, a young Mennonite named Hugh Hostetler officiates at 102nd Street; another Congregationalist fresh from Union Seminary, George Calvert, at 104th Street (at a location where formerly flourished the "Powerhouse Church of God in Christ, No. 2"); and a Presbyterian, George E. Todd, at 106th Street. A Baptist and a Dutch Reformed round out the roster, whose average age is below thirty. All are banded together, along with their wives, in what is virtually a religious order of their own which they call their "Group Ministry," and which embraces also three women assistants, with several probationers working beside them. All of them are aware that in electing to work here in the heart of the stews they have chosen an environment which the respectable middle-class denominations from which they spring have virtually abandoned as beyond their pale and left to the care of Roman Catholics on one hand and to its own devices of apathy and corruption on the other.

In this environment, not even the devoted labors of Catholics have been able to make a deep dent. Apart from recourse to Gospel ranters and faith healers, East Harlem is, in the language of ministers, an "unchurched" area, a moral jungle in which (as a parish report puts it) "the idols of the boys are the guys

who own the big shiny cars—the numbers boys, the dope pushers, the professional pimps."

When the Group Ministry moved in on East Harlem, they had this comment to make on its people's religious background: "The God of the churches they knew stayed in celestial splendor far above this earth, until He meets us at Judgment Day . . . . But the God of this life was Vito Marcantonio, and his kingdom was the American Labor Party. Obviously the God who could get the plumbing fixed became the center of faith for the great majority of our people."

A Plaster Cathedral

Such an area is clearly in need of all the straightening it can get (with a caution, perhaps, against the overlong sermon). Still, when *The Reporter* asked me to visit it and find out what these young ministers were doing there, I set forth with doubts. Was this going to be just another story of evangelical settlement-house work with a new wrinkle or two? I could imagine the usual grubby recreation hall, the chaperoned boys' club, the all-Protestant basketball game followed by Coca-Cola and cookies and a prayer or two. Exactly how much more was there to it than that? Was just an intensified method of applying balm at work here, or was there possibly a genuine new fire and a new idea?

The one-room headquarters of the parish in a former Chinese laundry on East 104th Street displayed the familiar mechanics of contemporary applied religion: the mimeograph machine; the card catalogue of contributors and "prospects"; the bulletin board announcing "Toy and Clothing Sale" at 3 P.M., "Militants' Canteen" on Wednesday night, and —there it was—the basketball game from two to six o'clock on Saturday. Dubiously, I walked on to 106th Street to talk to the Reverend George Todd, who holds down the group's only actual ecclesiastical structure—the Church of the Ascension, a plaster Romanesque creation built half a century ago to serve north Italian immigrants of the ancient Waldensian Protestant minority in the old country who had settled here, but who, after being ministered to by no less a personage than the Reverend Norman Thomas in his pre-political days, had shifted elsewhere with the ethnic tide and left the portals of Ascension boarded and shut.

Today, Ascension has been reopened for the whole community, with Mr. Todd's desk set right by the front door so that all who pass can see him. The neighboring storefront Group ministers sardonically call Ascension their cathedral. Mr. Todd, not at all the brisk social-worker type I had expected to encounter, is a compact young man of natural warmth and composure, who looked at me closely when I asked him to tell me first not what he was doing but what he believed. "Come over to the house and let's talk," he said. After dealing with some matters involving Christmas church greens, secondhand gift bicycles, and children milling outside his door, he led me around the corner and up five tenement flights to a small apartment furnished like an oasis of the slums with modern lighting, shelves of new books, and an original Rouault.

Routine Would Never Work

"We're here," he began, "because we believe in the lordship of Christ over all things—and that means all economic and all political things and all people. Not just over a few people, gathered in their separate denominations, and over a few things convenient to them." Then he told me how the East Harlem group had come into being. Half a dozen years ago, a group of Union Seminary students—Don Benedict, George W. Webber, and Archie Hargraves (a

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Negro), all of them of the generation that had grown up under the sign of depression and seen war service, in the course of studying Protestantism's role in an industrial society had looked into East Harlem as a testing area. They had found that in its entire southern district, between 96th and 106th Streets along the river, only one Protestant church was functioning to serve a community of over thirty thousand. On the other hand, fancy denominational churches were going up meanwhile to serve expanding middle-class suburbia. The town of Walden, New York, for instance, now has five of them to save the souls of a population of barely forty-five hundred.

To these men, this smacked of moral retreat and abdication. The traditional Protestant churches, by remaining wedded to the old concept of serving a select group of individuals rather than the community at large, had shown themselves bankrupt either when their group moved away or the make-up of the community changed. Such rigid exclusiveness had made our churches "the most segregated institution in America," as Todd put it, "with 11 A.M. on Sundays the most segregated hour in our life." In short, they had walked out on what was most rough and challenging and socially difficult —and this, I took the minister to mean, was equivalent to walking out on Christian principle itself.

Traditional forms and assumptions, then, didn't fit—particularly not when you were faced with the slums. The big imitation-Gothic churches with attached rectory and a thirty-year amortization didn't fit either, when their original donors moved away and utter strangers, to whom such buildings were alien and forbidding, moved in. One's very texts needed overhauling: What was the point of simply preaching the goodness of God the Father Almighty in East Harlem? Here you couldn't go about just trying to attract people to your favorite denomination, for all were alien and suspect; you had to start at the beginning and produce not a denomination but an actual, functioning, all-embracing church—a church that, unlike the polite or escapist sects, would move in and fight for these broken people's physical needs, beginning with the plumbing, and then minister with all humility to their souls.

The Four Disciplines

I sat back and asked just how all this was done. I had heard heady, insurgent religious talk like this many years before (my father as a young man had been a High Church Episcopalian minister of what was called the "Christian Socialist" persuasion in times when that was not held to be subversive), but somehow the talk had never led to the action hoped of it. In one field, at least, I had felt a new departure in East Harlem, when I saw this statement in a parish bulletin: "The Group Ministry pledge themselves to act as a group in studying legislative issues and supporting parties and candi-

dates. This discipline springs from our conviction that the Lord is acting in history through political institutions and that He requires us to participate responsibly in matters of Government." What, in the traditionally lax realm of Protestantism, was the meaning of this word "discipline," and of a "pledge" behind it?

From Mr. Todd and his 104th, 102nd, and 100th Street colleagues I learned that they had pledged themselves not to only one "discipline" but to four—religious, economic, vocational, and political. I asked them to specify. Under "religious," they included weekly Group meetings for common study and agreement on use of Bible text and forms of worship; a semi-annual retreat together; and visible signs of Christian witness in their own homes—slum homes, as I saw them, all chosen directly next to their churches, yet warmed by grace and imagery ranging from the traditional Cross to Mr. Todd's Rouault.

Next, under "economic discipline," these young men only a few minutes by subway ride from 42nd Street understand an agreement among themselves and their wives to accept pay only according to need, not to rank or tenure. The man with the biggest need or family—and the Group desires only family men, mistrusting the lone one who sinks all his personal life into the group to which he is ministering—draws the largest share. He and the rest pool whatever extra they may earn from speaking engagements and such. In case one of them is stricken with an emergency, the others have to go out and earn just that much more. "As we see it," I was told in East Harlem, "you just can't divorce your economics from your religion."

Under "vocational," the Group members and their wives commit themselves to the simple but sweeping proposition that they do not regard their stay in East Harlem simply as a way stop on a minister's road up the ladder to something better, but rather as a mission to which they are ready to devote themselves indefinitely and which they will not abandon in any case without first hearing the opinion of the Group. The idea is that at some point a man who elects to serve his God must distinguish between service and career, and he might as well do it here. "I've had offers of three good churches within the past year," a Group member remarked to me, "and don't think I wasn't tempted. But when I thought of my friends here . . . well, as you see, I'm staying on."

Faith and Politics

This leaves, finally, "political"—an article of faith and practice that tends to put the sponsoring boards of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Reformed, United Brethren, Evangelical-Reformed, and Mennonite churches into a tizzy at the thought of what their joint offspring may be up to, but which is carried out boldly in East Harlem nonetheless. The Group pledges itself to function politically in order to help realize its Christian

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aims—which has meant going into action to fight for better housing, sanitation, rent control, minimum wages, and relief, an operation which in a great democracy cannot be carried on successfully unless one talks politics with Congressmen, state assemblymen, city councilmen, and local political-club leaders, and preferably does political business with them. In five years the East Harlem parish has garnered rich experience. At the start, it resorted to such rough stratagems as lending thermometers to all the tenants of a given building whose owner had left it without heat in winter, in order to have them make a record of their readings and then descend by subway on the city housing authorities to demand and get relief. Today, the Group is an effective lobby of its own, with one minister assigned full time to keep the rest informed on every item of legislation or skulduggery affecting East Harlem as it comes up on every level.

Last fall, after having joined in the Congressional election of 1950 with Republicans, Democrats, and New York State Liberals to oust the Communist-line Harlem favorite, Vito Marcantonio, from his seat in the House, the parish ministers had second thoughts about the man whom they had helped elect in his stead, the coalition's choice, James Donovan. Through shrewd reapportionment of his district, Donovan's province now extended far southward into high-income territory, and the incumbent, moving his headquarters downtown, was voting solidly against public-housing, school, and hospital bills which the ministers felt essential to Harlem's welfare. So they went into action to drive him out in the Democratic primary last fall, ringing doorbells and trying to mobilize whole blocks in support of an insurgent Democrat, businessman Caspar Citron. The Reverend George Todd headed the local Citron Club; Congregationalist Eddy organized three assembly districts for him. "By primary day," the ministers told me, "we had quite a machine of our own working here." Citron lost, but he had pulled well ahead of his Tammany rival in the districts organized by the clergymen. The lesson was not lost on Tammany, which has since made overtures to the East Harlem group, nor on the Group itself, which has moved in a body into the local Democratic Party organization to make its demands on welfare issues felt from within. (Under the Group's discipline, if a member finds Tammany or any other majority preference too hard to take, he is asked simply to stand aside and "hold his peace.")

The parish still has barely five hundred active lay members, but tens of thousands of their neighbors have heard of it, and the active members are very active indeed, with block clean-up parties, Bible groups, deacons' classes, processions, and outdoor Passion Plays in vacant lots during Holy Week. The next big item on their calendar is an amateur show, hymn-sing, and church-basement dinner on the festival of the Three Kings—*Los Reyes Magos,* as the Puerto Ricans know it.

The parish's unemployment, legal, and health clinics (the last conducted by Dr. Beatrice Berle, wife of the Liberal Party's Adolf A. Berle, Jr.) assist members and nonmembers alike; its spirited lay minister, Carlos Ríos, formerly a labor organizer and *politico* in San Juan, provides Spanish sermons and goes to work on the politicians of Harlem too. Its young "militants"—banded together under such nonecclesiastical group names as the Black Robes, the Flaming Arrows, the Phantoms, the Puritans, and the Flying Saucers—take up collections, join in summer camping expeditions in New Hampshire, and try to keep out of the worst mischief of the streets.

What Does It Come to?

Is the East Harlem experiment anything more than a drop—in the wide sea of Protestantism, that is? Dr. Truman Douglass of the Congregational Board of Home Missions wonders. "The appalling truth is that when one undertakes a search for fresh evangelistic ideas in American Protestantism, one starts with East Harlem—and then has nowhere else to go. There just isn't anything else to look at, except one or two projections of the East Harlem purpose which thus far have gained only a precarious foothold." Others are not so pessimistic: They point to East Harlem's growing "projections" in inner-city Group parishes in Chicago, Boston, and Cleveland (this last now headed by Don Benedict, the movement's young St. Paul) and argue that its purpose is not yet numbers but example. On the other side of upper Manhattan, at any rate, in the Gothic halls of the Union Theological Seminary, where the dean of men, George W. Webber, is himself a veteran member of the East Harlem group, the concept has become a vivid issue.

I went to see Dean Webber, another young man, ordained in 1949 after serving three wartime years in the Navy, and found a lean, intense figure with a crew haircut and a profile reminiscent of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer's. Webber lit a pipe, threw his feet up on a chair, and, like his friend George Todd, let go: "The point is, if the Gospel can't be made to have meaning in an industrial and depressed area, it doesn't have meaning anywhere. . . . We've spent too much time and money on mere church structures, when it isn't the structures that count, but the mass of people. . . . We've got to overcome that over-individualism of Protestant sects that has denied a corporate life under Christ. . . . We've got to move in on the depersonalized existence of the slums, whose people are lonely, crass, and materialistic because the whole society around them treats them only as things, not men, and bring these people back to life again. . . . We've got to fight for their wants in their own language, against the crooked landlord or venal building inspector and at the same time free their shut-in hearts. . . ."

THE TELEPHONE rang and the next visitor was due. I left, still not entirely sure—how can one ever be sure in a matter like this, I thought—and went back to East Harlem to hear the Puritans and the Flying Saucers singing,

Going down this street, Lord,
And I won't turn back.
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

If we share the word, Lord,
Then we won't turn back.
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

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Some Negative Thinking About Norman Vincent Peale

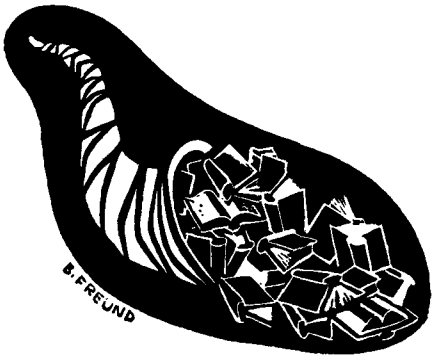
WILLIAM LEE MILLER

I'VE BEEN thinking negative thoughts, which Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, America's most successful Protestant minister, says we should never think. What's worse, my negative thoughts have been about Dr. Peale himself.

Dr. Peale believes in the Power of Positive Thinking. He says "only positive thoughts get results." What results? you ask. Success, happiness, money, health, friends, relaxation, peace of mind, power, self-confidence, vacations on Waikiki Beach, and, what is to me a truly frightening prospect, "Constant energy."

THE RESULTS Dr. Peale himself has achieved by following the "Magic Formula" of Positive Thinking are impressive indeed. His weekly network TV show, "What's Your Trouble?", gets upwards of five thousand letters a week; his articles, such as the famous "Let the Church Speak Up for Capitalism" in the *Reader's Digest,* appear in popular magazines by the dozen; his own magazine, *Guideposts,* is one of the "fastest-growing inspirational publications in the country"; he himself has been the subject of many lyrical articles, including a cover story in *Newsweek* and "The Power of Norman Vincent Peale" in *McCall's;* his printed sermons ("How to Stop Being Tense," "No More Gloomy Thoughts") and his self-help booklets ("Spirit-Lifters," "Thought-Conditioners") are mailed around the world by his own publishing outlet, Sermon Publications, Inc., of Pawling, New York; he speaks regularly to large national gatherings, especially of business groups; he has a regular network radio show, "The Art of Living," and appears often on radio and TV in such special appearances as a one-night substitution for his Pawling neighbor, Lowell Thomas; Christmas cards bearing a cheery message from him are sold throughout the land; he has a weekly syndicated newspaper column carried "in nearly one hundred dailies"; and now he has a regular question-and-answer page in *Look.* Of the *Look* feature, the press release said, "Norman Vincent Peale will add new millions . . . to his already colossal audience. . . . He will answer the questions of *Look* readers on social and moral problems. In his first article, Dr. Peale gives *Look* readers his advice on such problems as debt, falling in love with someone else's husband and the H-bomb."

Somewhere in between Dr. Peale finds time to preach in the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City,



where there are overflow crowds at two services each Sunday. The worship bulletins of the church dutifully record, in column after column, the far-flung enterprises of the minister, with dates, times, and prices. And the "lounge" of the church serves as a salesroom: thirteen of Dr. Peale's sermons on LP records, $4.50; a subscription to *Guideposts,* $2; "maroon, gold-lettered binders" made to hold "a year's supply" of Dr. Peale's sermons, $3.

The Book

And then there is his book *The Power of Positive Thinking* (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). This product of Dr. Peale's constant energy has already sold nearly a million copies, and the publishers are said to have a goal of two million; it is available on records in an RCA album ("You can hear the inspiring talks of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale *right in your own home!*") and now there is an edition for young people ("Your market—every parent among the millions who have read this inspirational best seller. . . . Specially rewritten by Dr. Peale and adapted to the needs and interests of young people. . . . Backed by major national advertising, special juvenile market advertising, and all-out Christmas advertising"). For 112 weeks, as of this writing, *The Power of Positive Thinking* has been on the *Times's* best-seller list, a far longer time than any other current book, and for most of that time it has been the nonfiction leader. For 1954 it will undoubtedly duplicate its performance of 1953, when, according to Prentice-Hall, it sold more copies than any other book—fiction or nonfiction—except the Bible. It is now being readied, apparently, to pass that one last competitor, for a "new Deluxe Pocket Edition" ($3.95) has been placed on the market, "Bound handsomely in genuine Sturdite . . . stamped in gold with flexible binding . . . wrapped attractively in cellophane . . . ideal for carrying in pocket or purse . . . printed on fine white Bible paper."

I have just read *The Power of Positive Thinking.* In addition, I have read Dr. Peale's other books: *A Guide to Confident Living* ($2.95), *You Can Win* ($1.50), *The Art of Living* ($1.50), and those of which he is co-author, *Faith Is the Answer* ($2.95) and *The Art of Real Happiness* ($2.95). Let me say, in the unlikely event that anyone else would undertake this redundant inspirational feat, that it isn't necessary. If you have read one, you have read them all. There are no surprises in Dr. Peale. The chapters of his books could easily be transposed from the beginning to the middle, or from the end to the beginning, or from one book to another. The paragraphs could be shuffled and rearranged in any order. The swarms of examples, which alternate successful business executives and successful athletes, with successful military figures thrown in for variety, could be transposed to support one point or another interchangeably.

As a result of reading Dr. Peale's one point in every simple, easy book, chapter, and paragraph, I am so full

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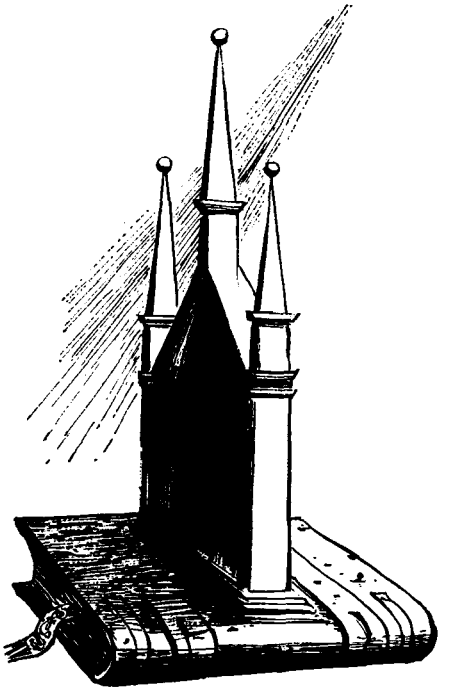
of "confidence-concepts," "faith-attitudes," and "energy-producing thoughts," of "thought-conditioners" and "spirit-lifters," of "10 simple, workable rules," "8 practical formulas," "7 simple steps," "2 fifteen-minute formulas," and a "3 point program," of "proven secrets," "true stories," and "actual examples," of "healing words" ("tranquillity," "serenity") and "magic words" ("Faith Power Works Wonders"), so adept at "Imagineering" and "Mind-drainage" (also "grievance-drainage") that I have the Confidence, Faith, Vigor, Belief, Energy, Efficiency, and Power to write an article criticizing Dr. Peale. Believe me, Dr. Peale, without you I never could have done it.

Religion of Success

"The secret of a better and more successful life," according to Dr. Peale, "is to cast out those old dead, unhealthy thoughts." "To make your mind healthy," says Dr. Peale, "you must feed it nourishing, wholesome thoughts." The trouble with a fellow like me, he claims, is that my "mind is literally saturated with apprehension, defeat thoughts, gloomy thoughts." But my problem is not only that I find that there are real things in the world about which we legitimately can be apprehensive, negative, unhopeful, and even gloomy from time to time, but that one of the surest causes of such negative thinking, in me, is Dr. Peale's own kind of "Religion."

The key to the immense success of that "Religion" is its message. In this, Dr. Peale differs from other heroes of the current popular religious revival. In a way Dr. Peale is the rich man's Billy Graham, furnishing the successful and those who yearn to be so something of the same excitement, direction, and reassurance with which Mr. Graham supplies his somewhat less prosperous and more fundamentalist followers. But there is an important distinction to be made. As Mr. Graham surely would admit, his own message is essentially similar to that of hundreds of other evangelists, past and present, rising from a fundamentalist background; the key to Mr. Graham's special success is not in any distinctive message but in his personality and his virtuosity as a performer. But Dr. Peale's attraction lies somewhat less in personal charism than in his constantly reiterated single theme. Mr. Graham's success depends almost entirely upon his personal presence, but Dr. Peale has been as successful with the written as with the spoken word.

This is not to say that Dr. Peale's personality and speaking ability are unimportant. He is an effective master of an audience, full of jokes and anecdotes, buoyant and confident. But it is his message that explains his unique success. One comes away from Billy Graham impressed not so much with anything that has been



said as with Billy Graham; from Dr. Peale, one comes away with a vivid awareness of the one thing he said. It is an idea that has made Dr. Peale.

THE IDEA is that affirmative attitudes help to make their own affirmations come true. Dr. Peale takes the obvious but partial truth in this idea and builds it into an absolute law; he erects on it a complete and infallible philosophy, psychology, and religion, so that he can solve every problem just by denying it really exists and promise that every wish can be fulfilled just by "thinking" it: "Expect the Best and Get It"; "I don't believe in defeat"; death is "not Death at all"; "Change your thoughts and you change Everything."

All this is hard on the truth, but it is good for the preacher's popularity. It enables him to say exactly what his hearers want to hear. He can say it constantly, confidently, simply, without qualification and with the blessing of God. He need say nothing that might cut across his hearers' expectations, challenge the adequacy of their goals, or make demands of them. Instead, he can affirm and reaffirm that it is simple to be exactly what they want to be, to have exactly what they want to have.

Dr. Peale's idea thus allows him to go completely over into that situation of which liberal Protestantism always is in danger, where the desires and notions of a traditionless congregation determine absolutely what gospel shall be preached. In this again, Dr. Peale differs from other leaders of the popular religious revival. Someone like Bishop Fulton J. Sheen has obligations to Catholic dogmas that prevent him from fashioning his message entirely according to popular preference; Billy Graham, too, has some restraint upon him from the more or less fundamentalist gospel to which he is committed. But Dr. Peale is apparently free of obligation to any intellectual tradition or framework of interpretation antecedent to that which he works out to correspond exactly to the climate of opinion and desire in which he preaches. It is quite difficult to find any place where the more profound claims of historic faith have affected his vigorous, beaming, eminently successful, and resolutely cheerful message.

The Comfortable Words

Though I have said that Dr. Peale's books are all alike, yet there is this one qualification: The later books are worse. The earlier ones, in which Confident Living and Positive Thinking were plainly foreshadowed, nevertheless spoke the message in something nearer to the ordinary preacher's tones. The word was already self-help, but the voice was more like that of an ordinary liberal pastor, with his three points, usually in alliteration, with homely examples, some passages from the Bible, a rhetorical flight or two, a few quotes from Tennyson or Shakespeare, and some spaces through which a word greater than any words of the preacher might manage to

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make its way to some hearer. But in *The Power of Positive Thinking* such spaces are pretty well sealed; every quotation from the Bible is cut, clipped, and interpreted to make just

Dr. Peale's point; the rhetoric of the sermon has been replaced by the short punchy sentences and atrocious jargon of the advertisement; the three points of the preacher have been supplanted by the Five Things You Can Do of popular psychology; and Tennyson's place has been taken by Eddie Rickenbacker.

Dr. Peale is good at what he does. He has the ability—and the nerve—to fit his message precisely to the exacting requirements of mass popularity. His discoveries parallel those of the composers of singing commercials. For example, he extols, and assiduously practices, "repetitious emphasis." He is willing to use without flinching the most blatant appeals and to promise without stint. The advertisements of his book explain, with remarkable candor, the basis of its appeal: "ARE *YOU* MISSING THE LIFE OF SUCCESS? Norman Vincent Peale's great best seller . . . is GUARANTEED to bring it to you! Make people like you. . . . Increase your earnings. . . ."

Like other success salesmen, Dr. Peale numbers his points and fixes them in the mind with memorable new words; his "formula" for solving problems through the power of prayer, for example, is "(1) PRAYERIZE, (2) PICTURIZE, (3) ACTUALIZE." He is careful to avoid the slightest hint of anything that would be definite, determinate, or different enough to offend anyone; and above all he requires not the slightest effort either to understand or to act upon his message. As Dr. Peale says elsewhere, "Don't doubt. Doubt closes the Power flow."

DR. PEALE'S idea and his ability to present it might enable him to be popular in any place at any time, but it seems to work especially well in America now. The importance of studying Dr. Peale lies in what his enormous success means about our present situation in this country.

The American roots of Positive Thinking are not hard to find. They include most of those characteristics which observers are always identifying as typically American: our self-confidence and optimism, our worldly practicality, and our individualism and striving for success, concerned more with private career than public problems. They include, more particularly, that special combination of these characteristics which places its practical, individual confidence in the triumphant power of "mind" or "faith" over all external limits. This combination appears in the peculiarly American religion of Christian Science, in the "mind-cure" movement of the turn of the century, which William James discusses in *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* and in many a "mental science" type of religion since. Perhaps these themes, especially the last, are characteristic more of middle- and upper-class America than of the nation as a whole, but they do seem to appear both in our serious literature and in our popular culture, as in the Horatio Alger stories of another day and the "How to" books and newsstand self-help of today. What Dr. Peale has done is to take these themes, which represent much of what is sound and also much of what is not so sound in American life, and reduce them to a unity, stating them in their simplest, baldest, extremest form. What was sound has pretty well been lost in the process.

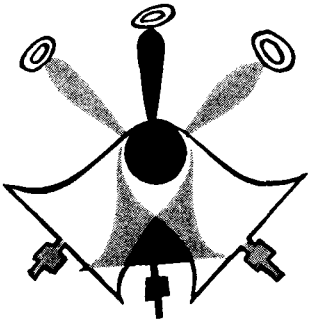
It's Personalized!

But Dr. Peale's statement of his simplified version of these old American themes may be extremely popular right now just because they no longer seem self-evident. His success may be partly explained, ironically, by the fact that we no longer automatically believe what he is saying; we need to be reassured. Disturbing events have intervened, and so we listen a bit desperately to this voice which insists, more confidently than ever, that what we always believed is still true and that things *will* turn out all right, they will, they will. Just write it on a card and repeat it ten times a day.

The absolute power that Dr. Peale's followers insist on granting to their Positive Thinking may betray, however, a note of desperation. The optimism is no longer the healthy-minded kind, looking at life whole and seeing it good, but an optimism arranged by a very careful and very anxious selection of the particular bits and pieces of reality one is willing to acknowledge. It is not the response of an expanding epoch when failure, loneliness, death, war, taxes, and the limitations and fragmentariness of all human striving are naturally far from consciousness, but of an anxious time when they are all too present in consciousness and must be thrust aside with slogans and "formulas," assaulted with clenched fists and gritted teeth, and battered down with the insistence on the power of Positive Thinking.

The success striving is different, too. The Horatio Alger type seems to have had a simple, clear confidence in getting ahead by mastering a craft, by inventing something out in the barn, or by doing an outstanding job as office boy. The Peale fan has no such confidence and trusts less in such solid realities as ability and work and talent than in the ritual repetition of spirit lifters and thought conditioners written on cards and on the determined refusal to think gloomy thoughts.

The "individualism" of the mes-



sage is of that "personalized" kind which, having lost a genuinely personal relation, tries now to recapture it by contrivance, which thinks it overcomes standardization by stamping the buyer's initials on the product, or which, by adding "and

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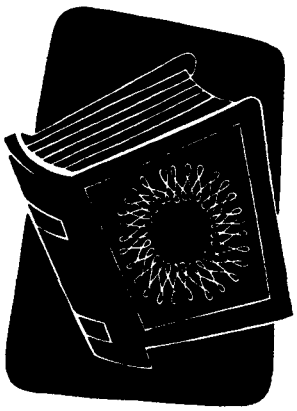
I do mean YOU," pretends to be speaking to an individual instead of to a microphone and a Hooper rating. Dr. Peale's works are "personalized" with the same insistent YOU the Uncle Sam on the recruiting poster used, sternly pointing his



finger at the YOU, who is everybody and nobody. The drugstore I went to this morning had a new sign tacked to the screen door: "Norman Vincent Peale Solves YOUR Personal Problems—in Look Magazine." *My* personal problems? In *Look* magazine? No, thank you.

THE EFFORT to regain by devices what cannot be regained by devices is especially evident in Dr. Peale's "power," "energy," and "vitality." The feeling of the loss of those powers must be very deep. Every chapter seems to promise "power": prayer power, creative mind power, faith power. This "power" is not control over the world so much as over oneself. That which should be natural—vitality, vigor, animal energy—is here the subject of "spiritual" manipulation. Human powers are not evoked by revealing some true center of interest and excitement in the world outside, but are exhorted to rise by the sheer mesmerism of "repetitious emphasis." There is no real *content* to Dr. Peale's preaching, in the sense of some vivid objective interest: a job to be done, a cause to be joined, a truth to be understood. The transaction is entirely within the reader. There is a complete absence of any really concretely interesting and exciting world, which might bring out the reader's vital responses (and overcome his boredom, which must be immense). There is no such world because to see it, to be interested and excited by it, and to respond to it would require effort, and Dr. Peale's "amazing results" never require any effort.

This is a striking difference between Dr. Peale's themes and those in the American heritage to which his are related: His optimism and practicality are "easy" and "simple." There is never the suggestion that hard work might be involved in achievement. There are no demands upon the reader. This is not the sturdy practical guide whose maxims have to do with the shoulder and the wheel, the nose and the grindstone; there is no pushing and grinding to be done.

Peale Meets Great Man

The master motif is that of the formula. The promised results are to be achieved by the contrivances and devices that are spoken of on every page, the "methods," the "secrets," the "formulas," the "techniques" that flood through the books by the hundreds. All of them, of course, are "scientific." The Bible is scientific, in fact: It is ". . . a book which contains a system of formulas and techniques designed for the understanding and treatment of human nature. The laws are so precise and have been so often demonstrated . . . that religion may be said to form an exact science." Christianity is "a simple yet scientific system of successful living that works."

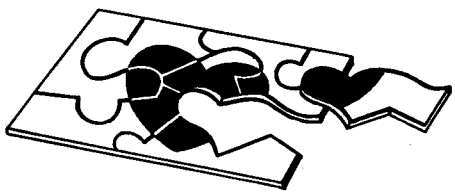
Many of Dr. Peale's techniques come from the famous and successful men with whom he is intimate. In Dr. Peale's books these men turn out to talk just like Dr. Peale. There is a continually recurring episode in the books that goes like this: Peale meets Great Man; Peale humbly asks Great Man for his secret (his formula, technique); Great Man tells Peale strikingly Peale-like secret (formula, technique) upon which Peale then expatiates. Something like this occurs in *The Power of Positive Thinking* on page 105 ("dynamic man at the height of his power"—secret is to repeat Mark 9:23), page 117 ("outstanding newspaper editor, an inspiring personality"—secret is card in wallet with words to effect that successful man is successful), pages 150-151 (Howard Chandler Christy, artist—secret is spending fifteen minutes filling mind full of God), page 229 (a Member of Congress—secret is be relaxed), page 212 ("outstanding man in his line"—secret is don't think defeat), page 223 ("a famous businessman who handles important affairs and varied interests"—secret is quiet period in living room with wife after breakfast).

Everything in this maze of formulas and techniques is "workable," even the teachings of Jesus. We are referred to "competent spiritual experts" and to Dr. Peale's own "How Cards." Dr. Peale takes all of our worship of the practical and the technical unabashedly into the realm of the spirit. But nothing much that could be called spiritual remains. In place of any Holy of Holies there is the bathroom mirror, on which you are to paste the latest slogan.

Like Hot Cakes

About the current book there is a faintly blasphemous promise, for a religious book, of a money-back guarantee. The message is endorsed throughout by satisfied users; it is PROVED, it has WORKED, it is TESTED. In fact, Dr. Peale's book is not much else than an extension of the advertisements of that same book, telling again between the covers, with further testimonials, what we have already been told, with testimonials, on the jacket and in the ads: This method WORKS. One might give prospective buyers of the book the tip that since the book is "repetitious emphasis" of positive thinking, one can achieve exactly the same effect—and save money—simply by reading and rereading the advertisements.

But to do that might be to miss what is beyond doubt the most re-



markable of all the multitudinous examples of the power of Positive Thinking that appear in Dr. Peale's best seller, the incredible story of the Mustard Seed Remembrancers. For those who are too busy, or too

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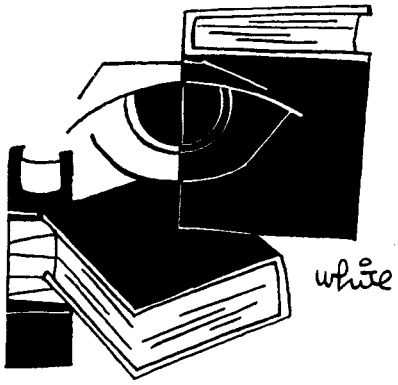

negative, to read the book I now pass on this truly heart-warming story.

A couple named Flint were failing, broke, and full of negative thinking. They read a condensation of Dr. Peale's *A Guide to Confident Living*. The Flints, on reading Dr. Peale, were particularly impressed with the section on "Mustard Seed Faith." Though living in Philadelphia, they drove each Sunday to New York to hear Dr. Peale and continued to do so, says Dr. Peale, "even in the most inclement weather."

In an interview, Dr. Peale told Mr. Flint that if he would "utilize the technique of faith, all his problems could be solved."

One day Mr. Flint said to his wife that this powerful recommendation would be easier to follow if he had some tangible reminder of faith. They looked for a mustard seed. His wife fished something out of a pickle jar and he carried it around with him. But the seed was small and he lost it, and, since he had already begun to think positively, he got the idea that it might be put in a plastic ball. Mr. Flint asked Dr. Peale if he thought the resulting object could be merchandised, and after consulting a businessman ("one of the greatest executives in the country"), the gadgets went on sale in a department store in New York. The initial ad said: "symbol of faith—a genuine mustard seed enclosed in sparkling glass: makes a bracelet with real meaning." Dr. Peale adds, with the glint of Positive Thinking in his eye, "These articles sold like hot cakes."

The Flints now have a factory in a Midwestern city producing Mustard Seed Remembrancers, the perfect ending to the story of Positive Thinking. However, there is one unfortunate negative note at the end of Dr. Peale's account: "So popular and effective is it that others have copied it, but the Flint Mustard Seed Remembrancer is the original." That's the trouble with Positive Thinking; other Positive Thinkers come along and try to cut into your territory.

Don't Worry, My Child

The suspicion that there is danger in all this is strengthened by a look at what Positive Thinking means in specific areas like psychology and politics.

Dr. Peale has been concerned with psychology and psychiatry throughout his career. He was one of the first ministers really to take seriously the contributions of these studies, before the relation of religion and psychiatry became the fad it is now. He joined in founding the American Foundation for Religion and Psychiatry, and his church continues to provide its chief financial support.

Some of Dr. Peale's early books were written in collaboration with psychiatrist Smiley Blanton. Dr. Peale has gone on, independently, to use a few words and ideas of popular psychology for his own easy, simple, and successful operation. Men who are working to relate psychiatry to pastoral counseling say he has set their work back many years. The heart of the criticism is that Dr. Peale short-circuits the difficult processes of psychological healing; he promises quick, painless, and complete "solutions" to problems which may be deep and complex, and which may require real discipline and professional treatment. Moreover, he tends to encourage the weak, sick, and confused to depend not upon the agencies of their own local community but upon himself and his books.

The basis for the criticism that serious counselors make of Dr. Peale becomes obvious in this episode from his TV program: A child has been frightened by the stories of the new bombs, and worries and loses sleep. Dr. Peale, scarcely waiting for the problem to be voiced, pats the child on the head and says, Don't be afraid; God will take care of you; no H-bomb will fall on New York.

This is Positive Thinking, all right, following the counsel of his book: "Never mention the worst. Never think of it." But how long does it last, to repress those worries on the affable assurance of the preacher? And what does it to do one's maturity? And what happens if an H-bomb *does* fall on New York?

A WOMAN with a real problem, once a fan of Dr. Peale's, now says in disgust, "He told me I didn't have any problem." Certainly Positive Thinking can help when a problem rests in some unjustified pessimism or lack of confidence. But sometimes our problems are real, aren't they? And then Dr. Peale's message is a dangerous counsel that we not face them. Dr. Peale's rejection of "negative thinking" may be a rejection of any real thinking at all, for serious thought necessarily involves the confrontation of all the elements of problems. Dr. Peale's message tends to reinforce the anti-intellectualism of the times, for any serious thought is bound to appear somewhat negative to the bland outlook of the Peale follower.

The social and political meaning of this message is clear in its immense admiration of power figures and big names. These admired persons are all successful in the most immediate and worldly sense: military men like Douglas MacArthur, for whose faith book Dr. Peale wrote an introduction, businessmen, and athletes. No professors, no serious writers or serious artists, no thinkers or critics, no one whose life enterprise has a different goal than success.

"Executives" as a class are special favorites of Dr. Peale's. As the comedian Henry Morgan once said of *The Power*, "This book isn't for me, I'm not an executive; nobody in this book but executives." What the book can mean to executives is made plain

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in this advertisement: "EXECUTIVES: Give this book to employees. It pays dividends!" The most unsettling part of this proposal is not just that this "religious" book is justified at the cash register ("It really pays off in dollars and cents!" says William A. Cole of Toms River, New Jersey) but that the profits are obtained by the executive buying the book in lots to use on his employees, quieting their complaints, making them enthusiastic for their firm, and increasing sales. Salesmen are said to have "Renewed faith in what they sell and in their organization" (apparently regardless of what the product or the organization may be). The book brings "Greater efficiency from the *office staff*. Marked reductions in clock-watching. . . ."

Hard Choice to Make

Positive Thinking also makes politics much easier and more efficient. In 1952 Dr. Peale proposed a "prayer plan" to select the President, a plan which seemed to encourage its users to regard their choice as an absolute and divinely inspired selection of *the* man God wanted.

God seems regularly to answer Dr. Peale's own prayers with the Republican candidates. His (Dr. Peale's, that is) most startling political act was his letter to ministers in New York State suggesting that they support Joe Hanley for Lieutenant Governor because he had once been an ordained clergyman. In 1952 he said that though ordinarily ministers should stay out of politics, when there was a *moral* issue involved they should speak up, in this case for Eisenhower and Nixon.

And so what does the Peale phenomenon mean? It means that an old, wrong answer to our new American problems is very popular, and that we have a hard choice to make. We are a people accustomed to simplicity and success and unprepared for tragedy, suddenly thrust into mammoth responsibilities in a complex world and a tragic time. In the face of hard and unexpected facts we can rise to a new maturity, or we can turn instead to those who pat us on the head and say it isn't so at all, like the Reverend Doctor Norman Vincent Peale.

At Home & Abroad

The Young Germans And the New Army

NORBERT MUHLEN

On a Wednesday night last October, in the third-class waiting room of Cologne's main railroad station, there took place what the German press described as "the rebellion of the twenty-year-olds." For the past several years an enterprising station bookstore owner had invited writers and others in public life to present their ideas each week in the station waiting room, and crowds gathered to hear them and ask them questions. Almost every subject from poetry to religion and from sex to politics had been debated at these "Cologne Wednesday Conversations," and it had always been done in a quiet, respectable way.

On October 27, 1954, four officials of the Blank Office, as the future West German Defense Ministry is called after its organizer and director, Theodor Blank, were invited to the waiting room. This time each speaker was interrupted constantly from his first words onward. The audience, made up mainly of young men under twenty-five, demonstrated for several hours its passionate hostility toward the idea of a new German Army and toward the prospects of having to serve in it. The audience doubted the assurances of the Blank Office spokesmen that this would be an army different from the one they had known—that it would, in fact, be a citizen army. In the end the speakers had to give up; they were shouted down and the shouting continued in the streets long after the meeting was adjourned.

Militant Anti-Militarism

Significantly, the incident took place after the defeat of EDC and almost immediately after the establishment of a new national army for Germany had been decided on in London and Paris. To most young Germans participation in a genuine European army was one thing; enrollment in a German national army was another. I watched at the time the passing crowds on Munich's Maximilianstrasse stopping in front of a shop window and looking at its exhibit of snapshots of German Army uniforms and insignia to come. People scrutinized it in cold silence, many shook their heads in anger, and several boys made sarcastic remarks that the others applauded. Everybody seemed to agree with the boy who said, "Again pictures from the slaughterhouse—and we are the sheep to be slaughtered."

At a recent convention of Trade Union Youth, delegates representing 700,000 members adopted a resolution opposing German remilitarization without one single dissenting vote.

When Theodor Blank himself campaigned with a group of fellow Christian Democrats in the Bavarian state elections he was repeatedly singled out as the target of wild demonstrations against rearmament. When he spoke in Augsburg, beer steins and soft-drink bottles were thrown at him. He abandoned the attempt to speak, and as he emerged bleeding from the meeting hall he was again attacked and beaten by young demonstrators.

The New-Model Army

Three months after former Secretary of State Acheson's call for the rearmament of Germany in 1950, Theodor Blank was appointed "Security Commissioner" by Chancellor Adenauer.

Blank's background seemed to as-

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sure his hostility to militarism and Nazism. One of ten children of a laborer, he became a carpenter, and at twenty-five a trade-union leader in the Ruhr. When Hitler came to power, Blank was fired. He used the enforced leisure of the Third Reich to go to high school, and later to study engineering and science. After the war he was elected to the Bundestag.

Though Blank's own aversion to Prussian militarism is a product of his background and convictions, many of the young former officers working with him have arrived at the same conclusions from their experience in Hitler's Wehrmacht: Their disillusionment with traditional German Army attitudes and manners has led them to become progressive reformers.

Blank and his assistants have blueprinted a new-style army. Though, as they assured me, "breakfast won't be served in bed to either privates or officers," they have introduced to Germany the new concept that soldiers are merely armed citizens, and free citizens at that. Many innovations will be simply adapted from the armies of democratic countries. The autonomy of the army will be abolished; soldiers will have the right of petition to civilian authorities and of redress of grievances; they will enjoy freedom of opinion, assembly, and discussion. The special class standing of the soldier within the nation and the officer within the army will be abolished. Outward signs—revolutionary in Germany—will be enlisted men's right to wear civilian clothes after hours, to salute only their own officers and generals, and even in uniform to wheel baby carriages or carry packages home for their wives.

While the officials in the Blank Office were planning these reforms over recent years, the German public, and in particular the young people who were to be most personally involved, paid little attention to their proposals. Old-guard officers wrote letters to the press and memoranda to Bonn claiming that no efficient army could be run with these new-fangled, sissy ideas; men who had not been able to make a success of postwar civilian life, among them former Nazis, awaited the day when they could again find a place in a German Army. Instead of making their own proposals for reforms and preparing for service in a new and democratic army, the young people of Germany reacted with silence. They were against any rearmament, and they doubted the feasibility of any genuine army reform.

Painful Memories

To understand the distrustful, fearful, and sometimes passionately antagonistic reaction of German youth to the idea of rearmament, the key word is "again." In young Germans' recollection of childhood and early youth, the worst possible condition of life seems inextricably tied to and identified with war. Nearly every young German—whether drafted at seventeen, or an "anti-aircraft helper" at fifteen, or only a little boy of ten sitting out the bombings in cellars at night—has traumatic memories of war, and these memories are associated with the image of a militarized Germany, or more exactly, of a German Army. A 1944 snapshot of a young boy in a Luftwaffe uniform weeping in despair has been reprinted by several German magazines as a powerful reminder. Today the same boy will be draftable again.

In contrast, the recovery of West Germany since 1949 was a very different experience, and one that often succeeded in suppressing war and postwar shock from the surface of young minds. Usually for the first time in their lives, the youngsters discovered and enjoyed well-being and relative prosperity in freedom, and found hope for their future. That this was possible in a demilitarized Germany made them believe that an army amounts to horror for them personally, while a country without an army implies to a promising, pleasant personal life.

The favorite book of German youth in 1954 was the best-selling, much-discussed *Null-acht-fünfzehn*, by Hans Hellmut Kirst, a novel which in subject matter recalls James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*. Kirst's is the first German novel in which the army rather than the war was the villain, and the drill ground rather than the trenches the scene. The reason the book was so widely read was that to most young Germans war is the ultimate, most hor-

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rible stage of an army, and it is the army itself they want to avoid as the first step of the sequence. Since this progression occurred in the 1930's, they feel it must and shall be so "again." And, in contrast to German youth after the First World War, some of whose writers spoke of the "community of the trenches" and the "holy ecstasy" of war, for the young Germans of today war holds no attraction.

'Unpolitische'

If, in their rejection of rearmament, the young Germans tend to ignore the claims of the community and their responsibility to it, it is because the impact of their social experiences has made them deeply distrust all communities and all their claims. At the end of the war the value of the national community, in which most had believed, was shattered. Then, and throughout the years of recovery, it was every man for himself. The habitual struggle for survival by whatever means, and the joy of their release from the oppressive community claims of the totalitarian past, left them with a complete disregard for "the others," whether on the highway, the dance floor, or in political life. Like many of their elders, they feel themselves, and want to be, *Unpolitische*—apolitical men—without interest, participation, or responsibility in the political community. Literally, they want to be left alone.

An army would reverse this superindividualistic way of life. Its communal style and the discipline which the superior in it imposes on the individual would interfere with their personal freedom to a degree they find abhorrent.

But in spite of their emotional antagonism toward the idea of rearmament a great many young Germans were at least willing to accept the creation of a German Army integrated into the European Defense Community. The EDC represented for them a first promising step toward a new, supranational community, and this was a community they could accept, exactly because they felt themselves so alienated from the political community of their nation. Europe was the only political idea young Germans embraced with warmth and active interest between the late 1940's and 1954. The EDC and the Europe to which they thought it would lead seemed to them a new concept; there was no "again" in it. With Germany as part of Europe and German contingents as part of a European army they saw an escape from the pitfalls and fatalities of their own national history. Only with the EDC did they see the "again" removed by an "anew," without reminders of past cruelties, crimes, destruction, and hopeless dilemmas.

That Forty-four per Cent

The defeat of the EDC in the French Assembly last summer and the subsequent decision of the western powers to establish a German national

army increased young Germans' opposition toward rearmament to such an extent that for the first time since the end of the war they engaged in demonstrations like those against Blank. Their sense of "again" was stimulated by what they considered a show of nationalism on the part of the French, and nationalism in their eyes seemed a thing of the past. In the eyes of the majority, the national army was a bad, not just a second-best, solution.

In considering the ratification of the Paris accords, the French National Assembly again showed opposition to German participation in western defense. The result of this can only be to weaken even further the German interest in this participation. Rather ironically, constant French fears of German militarism lead to a constant increase of German anti-militarism. Chancellor Adenauer, who has staked his political existence on French-German reconciliation, and who kept believing in its achievement despite continuous French rebuffs, is bound to lose power and prestige, even among his friends. As his chief military adviser, General Hans Speidel, told this reporter, the fact that the German strategists of the new army consider no valuable German defense contribution possible without very close co-operation with France helps to increase German reluctance even further.

In December, 1953, when the establishment of EDC was taken for granted, a reliable German opinion-research organization called E.M.N.I.D. questioned a cross section of young Germans. A large majority said they did not want to serve as soldiers, but nearly one out of two said that "under certain conditions" he would be willing to serve; twenty-eight per cent said they opposed service under any conditions. In November, 1954, with EDC defeated in the meantime, the percentage who opposed service under any conditions had jumped to forty-four.

But between the minority who will refuse to serve at any price and the minority who would gladly serve, there still remain the many young Germans who will serve in the new national army under certain conditions. These conditions, in descending order of importance are: if an enemy invades the country; if there is a universal-service law, if full equality among the national armies prevails; if military service is humane; and finally if certain personal advantages for the soldier accrue from the service.

Most Germans, as befits *Unpolitische,* will follow orders from the authorities whether they like them or not. But their passive, non-co-operative attitude toward their future army can be dangerous. This danger, which seriously worries Dr. Adenauer, is the infiltration and eventual control of the lower and middle army echelons by former Nazi and pro-totalitarian elements. The safeguards envisaged by the

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West German government against this contingency can be effective only if the people co-operate. Although the loyalty to the Republic of the required sixty generals will be carefully scrutinized by a joint commission of the government, the Bundestag, and the trade unions, this procedure can hardly be applied thoroughly to the ranks from colonel downward, since thousands of such officers will be needed the first year. The controlling civilians of the Bundestag and its committees cannot alone assure a democratic army. It can be assured only if a sufficient number of loyal young Germans apply for the positions of junior and noncommissioned officers instead of standing sulkily aside, and if, furthermore, the majority of the people and their organizations cooperate in watching the performance of the army and all its members, instead of condemning them on principle ahead of time the way the Socialists, and in particular the trade-union leaders, are doing today. There have been almost no signs—at least so far—that these conditions will be met.

And yet there is some hope. The fact that most young Germans will enter their army without enthusiasm and serve it with watchful distrust may prove to be healthy. An army composed of reluctant men and regarded with skepticism by civilians is unlikely to have much chance of taking over the country, nor is it likely to attempt it.

The Voice of Moscow Grows Harsh Again

One expert's opinion of what the Soviets' new diplomatic line will be

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

As 1954 ended, Soviet foreign policy was undergoing a phase of change and fluctuation. Moscow's attention has been centered on two international developments: the passage of the Paris and London agreements in the parliaments of western Europe, and the discussion in NATO countries on whether the Supreme Commander of NATO or the North Atlantic governments should decide on the use of certain atomic weapons in case of war. The course of Soviet policy will be dictated in part by the way these issues are resolved. In the meantime Soviet diplomacy, subjected to increasing domestic pressures, is preparing to adopt a new "tough" line in dealing with the West.

Stalin's successors, as they weigh the effects of Foreign Minister Molotov's diplomacy, can hardly find much ground for satisfaction. The long and sustained drive for "peaceful coexistence," started at the beginning of last year on the eve of the Berlin Conference, has yielded few substantial results. True enough, Molotov had his moments of triumph: At the Geneva Conference the conclusion of the armistice in Indo-China seemed to promise a genuine relaxation of tension; then the French Assembly rejected EDC. Moreover, public opinion in the West, listening to reassuring reports that numerous western delegations brought back from visits to the countries of the Soviet bloc, relaxed somewhat from its suspicion of Russia. But Molotov's brief triumphs and the less hostile attitude of western opinion were outweighed in Moscow's estimate by such adverse facts as West Germany's virtual inclusion in the North Atlantic alliance, British and American commitments to keep forces in Europe for a long time to come, and NATO's apparent inclination to resort to atomic warfare in any conflict with the Soviet bloc.

The Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs had not abandoned the hope that a last-minute hitch, whether in the French Assembly or in the Bundestag of West Germany, would prevent ratification of the London and Paris agreements. The decision of the Moscow conference of the Ministers of the Soviet bloc and Molotov's threat to cancel the Franco-Soviet alliance of 1944 had been calculated to strengthen opposition to ratification in both Germany and France. But the threats were kept in suspense, to be carried into effect only when the London and Paris agreements were ratified.

Playing from Strength

How will Moscow react to France's ratification? Molotov so firmly and publicly committed himself and his government on this point that it can hardly fail to carry out his threats. It should be remarked that his recent behavior contrasted strikingly with the diplomatic technique to which he adhered when he conducted Soviet diplomacy under Stalin's supervision. Stalin always avoided dramatic threats and warnings; he never gave the outside world advance notice of any intention to increase armaments, preferring to take his opponents by surprise.

Nor was it Stalin's custom to burn bridges and make declarations comparable to Molotov's statement that the inclusion of West Germany in NATO would render all negotiations over Germany pointless. The more any negotiations were useless in Stalin's eyes, usually the more tenaciously and seriously did he drag them out. This remarkable change

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from his methods of diplomacy certainly reflects the role of the personal element in the conduct of Soviet affairs. Bluff and concealment were inherent in Stalin's temperament. But the new diplomatic manner also reflected a more fundamental change in Russia's power position. Stalin's successors are playing from strength more confidently than Stalin could ever play, and that is why they attach less importance to concealment and surprise, the weapons of the weak.

Moscow is undoubtedly preparing to meet the new situation in the West with a whole series of concerted moves designed to heighten the state of alertness in the Soviet bloc. Of these moves, the new arms drive will be the most important. Inevitably it will have grave repercussions in Russia's domestic situation. It will slow down the present drive for an improvement in Soviet living standards, and this must cause a setback to the liberalizing trend of the post-Stalin era and a return to harsher discipline. The formation of an Eastern counterpart to SHAPE will be a gesture designed to improve morale, but it will not materially alter existing military arrangements. The least substantial of Molotov's warnings and threats is that of rearming East Germany. The Soviet command has no illusions about the reliability of the East Germans as Soviet allies. If it had had any such illusions, the results of the recent elections in west Berlin, at which the Communist Party failed to obtain a single seat, should have had a sobering effect.

Apart from the moves advertised in advance, other lines of action are open to Moscow. The Iron Curtain between East and West Germany, more than half lifted in the last year, will probably descend again, and new tension may develop in Berlin. However, there are signs that the Soviet bloc will take the initiative in Asia rather than in Europe. Moscow has openly abandoned the reserve with which it was treating Peking's campaign over Formosa, and a general intensification of the cold war could well lead to the breakdown of the armistice in Indo-China. By means of that armistice Molotov had sought to regain French friendship and to stiffen French resistance to German rearmament. With France reconciled to the rearmament of West Germany, Moscow's interest in the Indo-China armistice will be diminished, although both Moscow and Peking may still be reluctant to frighten Prime Minister Nehru and antagonize other neutral Asian governments by a further advance of Communism in Southeast Asia.

The Atom Discussion

Moscow has watched public discussion in the West on the prerogatives of the Supreme Commander of NATO. The fact that NATO commanders have argued publicly for the use of atomic weapons in war and for

SHAPE's responsibility for that use is interpreted in Moscow as a sinister symptom. Moscow does not believe that even in democracies officers like General Gruenther and Field Marshal Montgomery are allowed to thrash out in public such vital and delicate issues, unless the purpose is to prepare public opinion for offensive atomic warfare. The fact that Germany's inclusion in NATO coincided in time with the public statements on atomic warfare was not seen in Moscow as a mere coincidence.

These developments are already having an impact on the internal Soviet alignments. They seem to weaken the hands of those members of the ruling group who have been associated with the more conciliatory attitudes of post-Stalinist diplomacy and to strengthen the position of their opponents inclined to see "appeasement" in any conciliatory move.

Some of the army leaders have been among the critics of "soft" diplomacy; thus Marshal A. Vasilevsky, former Chief of Staff and Defense Minister and present Deputy Minister, has at times seemed to act as the Leader of the Opposition. His recent emergence into the limelight to give the official reply to Field Marshal Montgomery's statements about atomic warfare is significant in this connection. (Curiously enough, Vasilevsky's reply contained an enigmatic hint that Soviet military intelligence had been informed about the discussions inside SHAPE on the use of atomic weapons even before Montgomery had brought the issue to the public's attention.)

The effect of Vasilevsky's reply to Montgomery has been strengthened by Marshal Zhukov's comments on British "treachery" in 1945. Russia's two most eminent soldiers are not used for minor propaganda jobs as a rule. Their statements were designed to place on record, obliquely, the critical attitude of the army leaders toward "appeasement." Ostensibly Vasilevsky argued only against the "reckless" British Field Marshal; but his words suggested to the Soviet public an interpretation of the international situation tending to discredit "soft" diplomacy and to prepare the ground for a policy of "firmness." Vasilevsky's reply contained threats much graver and more explicit than any that can be found in statements by civilian Soviet leaders. Vasilevsky "reminded" Montgomery that "small, overcrowded" Britain may be all too vulnerable a target for Soviet atomic and hydrogen weapons.

The warnings that the Soviet Foreign Minister formulated in his recent notes and statements sound almost like mild echoes of Vasilevsky's threats. Molotov still seems to be trying to steer a middle course between "appeasement" and "toughness," but the pressure for toughness is apparently growing. Without abandoning pleas for "peaceful coexistence" Moscow is now addressing the West in the old harsh voice.

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Indonesia: Flotsam From the Receding Tide

JEAN LYON

EACH REVOLUTION casts up a certain number of human beings on strange shores, but after they have been weathered by local rains and partially buried by local sand they begin to belong to the new setting. The Russian noblemen who became costumed doormen in front of restaurants named The Volga were like that.

In India, where I have spent the last four years, this flotsam—the British of India who have neither ties left in Britain to pull them home nor any to hold them in India except a familiar environment—are already becoming unobtrusive. They run boarding houses, or live quietly on pensions in the Himalayan foothills or in the Nilgiris. Like the political change, their personal change has been made quietly, voluntarily, and according to plan.

But in Indonesia I was to find their Dutch counterparts far less assimilated by their new surroundings. The greater harshness of the Indonesian revolution, with its Dutch inflexibility and the fierce, proud guerrilla resistance of the Indonesians, has left its imprint on these human lives. So noticeable and obtrusive are they that I would have been blind if I had not seen them and their problems within my first twenty-four hours in Djakarta.

The Lady Archivist

Some of these twenty-four hours were absorbed in finding a room. The captain of the Dutch freighter on which I had come from Calcutta assured me that the ship's agent would help me. I had made no reservation because of the freighter's indefinite schedule. The captain himself had never had to spend a night ashore in Djakarta. But he was sure the Djakarta office of his line could make arrangements for me, although he warned me that the city was badly overcrowded.

His warning was one of a series based largely on his observations of harbor life. The main theme was that law and order had gone from Indonesia with the Dutch; what remained was a chaotic and childish free-for-all. The solid, dependable Dutch had been replaced by quixotic Indonesians. The captain told his stories, however, with good humor, and after we docked I saw him affably passing out Coca-Colas to the Indonesian health and customs officers, who had gone through their routines in what seemed to me a fashion rather solemn and Dutch.

Ashore, the ship's agent was reluctant to take on the responsibility of my first night's lodging. After he

learned that I had no connections in Djakarta, he suggested that I ask the American Embassy for help. When I demurred, he said with some exasperation, "One needs influence to get a hotel room these days. We have no influence in Djakarta any more. Even the Americans have more."

Eventually, with American help, I acquired a room—but with it came a roommate. She was a Dutch lady archivist. She didn't want a roommate any more than I did, and greeted me with that frank admission.

Over our first pot of tea together, I learned several things about her. She was definitely not a historian. An archivist was something quite different. If a thing was written in pen and ink, and if it was so faded that she could barely read it, and if it was several hundred years old, then it was an archive and she talked of it with affection. Things in print she talked of more indifferently. The archive she had worked on that day was an old account book of some long-deceased Dutch colonial administrator. To her this list of eighteenth-century prices of eggs by the gross and sugar by the hundred pounds was enthralling.

She had come out from Holland on six months' leave. She had left behind two things to which she would return: her work in the Leyden archives, which were the warm womb around her life, and her two-room apartment, where shelves of books and a pair of ceramic book ends shaped like bookworms, a birthday present from a friend, were what made the place her own.

The Batik Seller

Leaving the archivist to some letter writing, I wandered alone into the hotel lobby to ask questions about getting around the city. The desk clerk, knowing from my passport that I was a journalist, pointed to a woman in one corner of the lobby who was folding up pieces of batik that had been on display.

"That's a lady who can tell you all about Indonesia," he said. "She knows all you'll want to know about this country and these people. She has lived here all her life."

He called her over and introduced us. "This is Mrs. van Fluegel," he said. She sold batik on the hotel veranda three afternoons a week. I asked her if I might see her in her home and talk to her about her life in Indonesia.

"Oh, not in my home," she said, recoiling. "It is such a bad place. I would be ashamed."

But in the end she agreed. I had explained that I wanted to see how she had to live in this independent Indonesia. She wrote her name and address on a slip of paper. I was to come in two hours.

Two hours later I arrived at the address in a local pedicab, not quite believing that I could really be at the right place. It was a large unkempt enclosure in which were a series of H-shaped barracks stretching out to full alphabetical length. There must have been at least five hundred doors evenly spaced along

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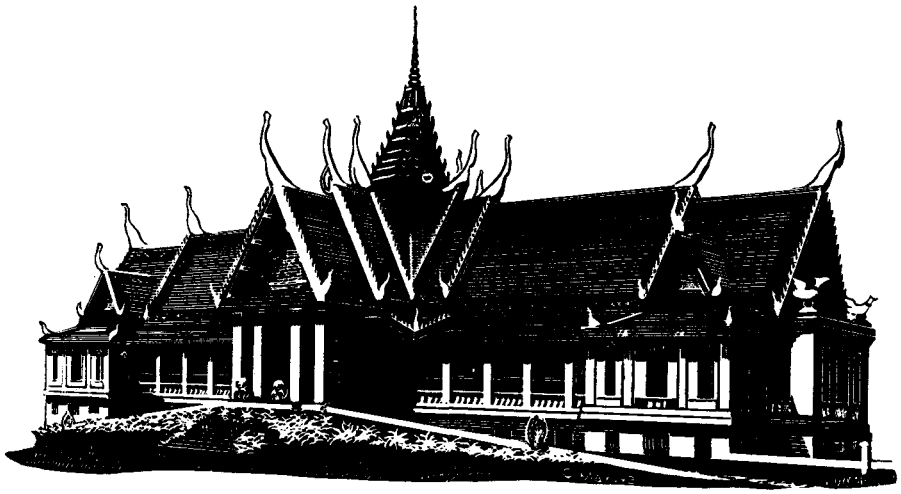
these copybook rows, each opening into a cell of living space.

The paper directed me to G-12. I went through H-shaped buildings from A through F, and then past eleven doors. Through open ones I had seen a girl in a sarong and an unfastened blouse feeding a baby, and a bronze-faced man leaning over a phonograph that was blaring out "The Christmas Boogie-Woogie." Also I had had to take a detour into the gutter to pass a man dressed only in a sarong who was sprawled over a beach chair set across the passageway which also served as a veranda.



At the twelfth door a flowered cretonne curtain was drawn across the doorway. I knocked on the doorframe.

Mrs. van Fluegel pulled the curtain aside and looked out. Did I have trouble finding the place? A dreadful place, yes?

She offered me the one chair in her tiny cubicle of a room. It was beside a small scarred table on which stood a cracked cup on a saucer, a chipped plate, and two small saucepans. My feet had to avoid the one-burner kerosene stove shoved under the table. Mr. van Fluegel sat on the single bed, which fitted tightly between the table and the wall.

"I warned you about the place," she said. "It might have been better at the hotel."

"I wanted to see it all the more after you warned me," I said.

"Well, you see what I meant."

"I suppose you keep your batik at the hotel?"

"Oh no. I pack it up and bring it back here every time."

I had to stand and push the chair under the table to give her room to open the door of a wardrobe that filled practically all the remaining space in the room. She drew out several large bundles and put them on the bed.

Phonographs and Thieves

The phonograph two doors away took a sudden leap in volume and one of the saucepans on the table began to rattle with the vibrations. It was now playing a hillbilly tune. Anger showed on Mrs. van Fleugel's face and she pressed her ears as though they ached.

"He knows how I hate it," she said. "He does it just to spite me."

Turning to the batik, she put a piece to her nose and sniffed it. "From Jogjakarta," she said. "I can tell where the batik is made by the smell of the wax. Each village has a different formula."

She had me smell the Jogjakarta one, then one from Bandung. The smells were delicately different, like the difference in teas.

She described the process of making batik. I saw through her words and gestures the pounding with a wooden mallet of the stacks of folded pieces of undyed cotton cloth. I seemed to watch with her as the women and girls bent over the softened material with their small wax holders carefully etching in the design, and then doing it all over again when the same piece of cloth was ready to have another color added to it. I followed her into the labyrinth of color baths and hot- and cold-water baths through which each piece must go. There was in her voice and eyes during this recital something that reminded me of the lady archivist as she talked of her eighteenth-century account book.

"I love this country," Mrs. van Fluegel said several times. "I have always lived here."

Voices were now shouting across the courtyard, superimposed on the noise of the neighboring phonograph.

"Ach," she said low in her throat. "That man, he is at it again. Soon he will insult me at the top of his voice. To spite me. They are cruel. I tell you."

It was the man next door—the one dressed only in a sarong—shouting to a stout woman on the other side of the "H" who was sitting on the floor of the veranda washing rice. Part of the talk was in Dutch, part in Indonesian. Mrs. Van Fleugel understood both.

Automatically she showed me one piece of batik after another. Her descriptions were now mere dull bits of cataloguing. She was listening more to the shouting of the man than to herself.

Suddenly her face flushed. She bit her lower lip.

"He is a liar," she said. "A liar. Do you know what he says? He says that I am a thief. That is what he says."

She stood up and started for the door. Then she stopped.

"No," she said. "I can't do it. I have never spoken to him. I never will. I refuse to notice him."

With neighbors who were thieves, he was saying, one had to be careful. It was a good thing to hide your rice and other valuable possessions. The woman washing rice indignantly asked, "Why call your neighbors thieves?"

He said, "A person who puts locks on her own food chest suspects others of being thieves, doesn't she? And why would she suspect others if she herself is not a thief?"

Mrs. van Fleugel said, "He is talking about me. I have a padlock on my food chest. These people are all thieves."

The record on the phonograph was changed. The new tune seemed louder and tinnier and more nasal than ever. Its very loudness was defiant—a defiance that said, "If I don't exist for her, I'll show her she doesn't exist for me."

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The Shattered Angels

The house where she had grown up, Mrs. van Fleugel was telling me, was on a pepper plantation southwest of Djakarta, which was always Batavia to her. In the parlor had been two alabaster angels on pedestals. Such beautiful angels, she said, sent from Holland. And there had been a large oil painting of the house itself with her father sitting on the veranda holding a gun. There had been her mother's china set with the pink roses on the border. It had been a large, solid house full of beautiful things, she said—carved tables from Kashmir and China, ivory elephants from India and Siam, china figurines from Holland, German-made vases, Swiss clocks.

All, all gone, she said. Destroyed. Thrown down and broken to pieces by looters when the people here were fighting the Dutch after the Japanese left.

The alabaster angels had been scattered over the floor in bits when she had seen the place after she came out of the Japanese prison camp. The painting had been slashed.

Everything, everything, smashed, splintered into fragments, stolen. "They enjoy being mean, these people," she said. "Like monkeys."

Even her title to the land was in question. So now—this. She pointed to her batik and the four walls. "It is a prison. I will show you the rest of it. Come."

We went through the curtained door past her padlocked food chest. We stepped around the man sprawled in the beach chair, and Mrs. van Fleugel looked straight ahead of her. The man began to whistle, and stared steadily at us both. He clapped his hands at a mosquito, and the gesture seemed to say, "What makes you think I care about you? You are no more important to me than this mosquito."

We passed the window through which the phonograph blared, and the bronze-faced man blew cigarette smoke our way. Mrs. van Fleugel kept her prow steadily pointed forward.

The woman who had been feeding her baby was now sitting on her doorsill with the child in her lap. She put an arm over the child's head as we passed, as if to ward off an approaching danger. Mrs. van Fleugel did not seem to see. She looked straight ahead.

She took me to a square block of a building set apart from the H-shaped rows. As we neared it the stench of urine engulfed us.

"These are the latrines I must use," she said. "No one ever bothers to clean them up."

THE BARRACKS were originally built by the Dutch to house coolie labor from the kampongs while they worked on temporary city jobs, she explained. "For most of these people they are palaces," she said.

Some unscrupulous speculator had now bought them and was renting them to low-salaried people—Indonesians mostly, with dirty habits, said Mrs. van Fleugel. But there were several score of Dutch families here too—Dutch who, like her, had lived in Indonesia all their lives and now had nothing to show for it. Nothing but this.

Most of the other Dutch had gone back to Holland. But what could

she do? Her home was here. For her there was no one left in Holland.

"I even have trouble keeping my passport up to date," she said bitterly. The Embassy was always making trouble for her. She had had to spend months to get it renewed after the war, and it still wasn't all cleared up. She was still working at it. Getting her passport straightened out seemed to be one of her major activities.

The passport was her only remaining link with Holland, the one remaining proof of her Dutchness. The alabaster angels were gone. Her father and mother and Mr. van Fleugel were gone, having preceded the angels. She had no ceramic bookworms in Holland to go back to, not even a berth on a floating bit of Holland like a freighter.

She had her batik. But it was not Dutch. It was Indonesian. And it was the only thing out of her entire Indonesian environment that she had made her own. Hard pebbles still lying around a newly constructed building, left over from the mixing of concrete, were more a part of the environment than she. She was something hard and cold from the north, something severe and stiff from the Holland of Wilhelmina, something solidified in a nineteenth-century Dutch mold that could not be softened or remolded under the tropic sun.

'It Is Mine'

We made several right-angle turns among the cells and came to a sagging but closed door. She knocked.

"A Dutch couple," she said. "They've lived here five years. They are Indonesian-born, too."

An angular woman opened the door. Unsmiling, she greeted Mrs. van Fleugel. Inside, from a chair, a man rose. He had been writing. They showed me their cramped room and the partition separating them from their neighbors. It reached only halfway up to the ceiling, and from habit they spoke in whispers.

The man pointed to the paper on which he had been writing. "I am writing a letter," he said to me. "Perhaps you can correct the English in it."

I read the brief paragraph, laboriously written in pencil. It was to someone in Australia. "I will do any kind of hard work," it said, "and will pay you in full for board and room when I get a job if you can take us. We need your letter before we can leave Indonesia."

Mrs. van Fleugel, who had been looking over my shoulder, said disparagingly, "Australia! It is not your home."

"Is this?" the man asked.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. van Fleugel. "It is mine."

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'Prospects in the Arts And Sciences'

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

The following is excerpted from an address by Dr. Oppenheimer closing the celebration of Columbia University's bicentennial year.

IN AN important sense, this world of ours is a new world, in which the unity of knowledge, the nature of human communities, the order of society, the order of ideas, the very notions of society and culture have changed and will not return to what they have been in the past. . . .

One thing that is new is the prevalence of newness, the changing scale and scope of change itself, so that the world alters as we walk in it, so that the years of man's life measure not some small growth or rearrangement or moderation of what he learned in childhood, but a great upheaval.

What is new is that in one generation our knowledge of the natural world engulfs, upsets, and complements all knowledge of the natural world before. The techniques among which and by which we live multiply and ramify, so that the whole world is bound together by communication, blocked here and there by the immense synapses of political tyranny.

The global quality of the world is new: our knowledge of and sympathy with remote and diverse peoples, our involvement with them in practical terms, and our commitment to them in terms of brotherhood. What is new in the world is the massive character of the dissolution and corruption of authority, in belief, in ritual, and in temporal order.

Yet this is the world that we have come to live in. The very difficulties which it presents derive from the growth in understanding, in skill, in power. To assail the changes that have unmoored us from the past is futile, and, in a deep sense, I think it is wicked. We need to recognize the change and learn what resources we have. . . .

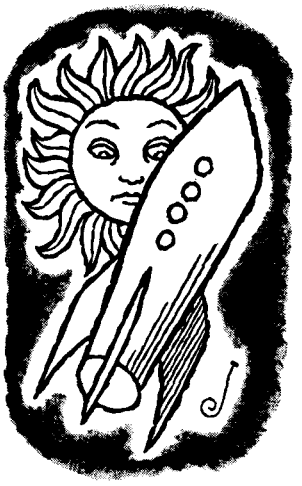
Bonds and Barriers

We know too much for one man to know much; we live too variously to live as one. Our histories and traditions—the very means of interpreting life—are both bonds and barriers among us. Our knowledge separates as well as it unites; our orders disintegrate as well as bind; our art brings us together and sets us apart. The artist's loneliness, the scholar's despairing because no one will any longer trouble to learn what he can teach, the narrowness of the scientist, these are not unnatural insignia in this great time of change.

For what is asked of us is not easy. The openness of this world derives its character from the irreversibility of learning; what is once learned is part of human life. We cannot close our minds to discovery; we cannot stop our ears so that the voices of far-off and strange people can no longer reach them. The great cultures of the East cannot be walled off from ours by impassable seas and defects of understanding based on ignorance and unfamiliarity. Neither our integrity as men of learning nor our humanity allows that. In this open world what is there any man may try to learn?

THIS is no new problem. There has always been more to know than one man could know; there has always been a mode of feeling, many modes of feeling, that could not move the same heart; there have always been deeply held beliefs that could not be composed into a synthetic union.

Yet never before today has the diversity, the complexity, the richness so clearly defied hierarchical order and simplification; never before have we had to understand the complementary, mutually not compatible ways of life, and recognize the choice between them as the only course of freedom.



NEVER before today has the integrity of the intimate, the detailed, the true art, the integrity of craftsmanship and the preservation of what is familiar, humorous, and beautiful stood in more massive contrast to the vastness of life, the greatness of the globe, the otherness of people, the otherness of ways, and the all-encompassing dark.

This is a world in which each of us, knowing his limitations, knowing the evils of superficiality and the terrors of fatigue, will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his tradition and his love, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing. It is at the same time a world in which none of us can find . . . sanction for any ignorance, any insensitivity, any indifference.

When a friend tells of a new discovery, we may not understand, we may not be able to listen without jeopardizing the work that is ours and closer to us; but we cannot find in a book or canon—and we should not seek—grounds for hallowing our ignorance. If a man tells us that he sees differently or that he finds beautiful what we find ugly, we may have to leave the room from fatigue or trouble, but that is our weakness and our default.

The Pathmakers

If we must live with a perpetual sense that the world and the men in it are greater than we and too much for us, let it be the measure of our virtue that the limits of our powers correspond to some special wisdom in our choice of life, of learning, or of beauty.

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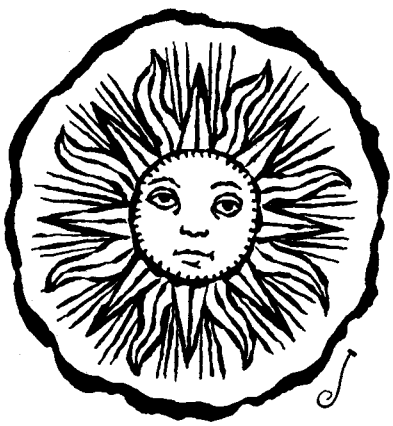
This balance—this perpetual, precarious, impossible balance between the infinitely open and the intimate, this time—our twentieth century—has been long in coming; but it has come. It is, I think, for us and our children, the only way.

This is for all men. For the artist and for the scientist there is a special problem and a special hope, for in their extraordinarily different ways, in their lives that have increasingly divergent character, there is still a sensed bond, a sensed analogy.

Both the man of science and the man of art live always at the edge of mystery, surrounded by it; both always, as the measure of their creation, have had to do with the harmonization of what is new and what is familiar . . . with the struggle to make partial order in total chaos.

They can, in their work and in their lives, help themselves, help one another, and help all men. They can make the paths that connect the villages of arts and sciences with each other, and with the world at large, the multiple, varied, precious bonds of a true and world-wide community.

THIS CANNOT BE an easy life. We shall have a rugged time of it to keep our minds open and to keep them deep, to keep our sense of beauty and our ability to make it, and our occasional ability to see it, in places remote and strange and unfamiliar; we shall have a rugged time of it, all of us, in keeping these gardens in our villages, in keeping open the manifold, intricate, casual paths, to keep these flourishing in a great open windy world; but this is, as I see it, the condition of man; and in this condition we can help, because we can love one another.



THEY COULD HAVE GONE BACK

ERIC SEVAREID

THERE ARE many plaques and monuments and buildings across the country dedicated to military men who died in the country's wars. The Overseas Press Club in New York has now established its new building to the memory of the war correspondents who also died in war—all those, so many of them personal friends, seen alive at breakfast and dead by evening, who tried to stay alive, with no training save the normal instinct for survival, with no defense save the useless armor of pencil or camera.

In the televised drama portion the ceremonies, the man who played the part of the immortal Ernie Pyle said that he had come to the point, covering the war, where he felt ashamed that he was still alive. This was not exaggerated sentimentality, nor was such feeling in the war confined to correspondents. It was a curious psychological phenomenon that one noted in many, civilian or soldier. Always the heroism or the real worth was elsewhere, in other bodies and hearts. The men on the ground thought of the men in the air as the ones, the real ones. The men in the air thought of the men on the ground. The whole thought of the wounded, and the wounded thought of the dead.

THE WAR REPORTER, if nature had accorded him the usual sensibilities, thought of them all. Ernie Pyle, as he himself suggested, came close to cracking up in Europe, and it was this haunting sense of his indefinable and self-appointed duty that made him go to the Pacific Theater where the enemy bullet found him at last. If practically all the combat correspondents, no matter how long they had been there, avoided cracking up, among many soldiers who did crack up, it was not because their fiber was stronger. It was, so it seemed to me, because of an almost unconscious item of knowledge, always lodged in the back of their minds—the knowledge that they could go back, could honorably get away from the hell, almost any time they chose. The mere knowledge was enough, whether one acted upon it or not. And therein lay the difference between being a civilian under fire and a soldier under fire. The soldier knew he could not go back. That knowledge alone, after enough physical wear and tear, was enough to break a man down.

WRITERS like Ernie Pyle were always aware of this, and from this came the curious, factually unjustified sense of personal unworth that afflicted so many war reporters. Unjustified on the facts because it is doubtful if any other single group of men in the war suffered so high a rate of casualties as did the reporters.

Death is death, but in its manner and form it demands quite differing prices of admission. Most war reporters who died, from my observations, were caught unawares by the death that came. It was one thing to step on a mine while running across a road; it was a different thing deliberately to lift a mine from the ground, as soldiers had to do, and have it go off. It was one thing to be hit by the sniper in the ruined house as you drove through the street; a different thing to go looking for the sniper, as soldiers had to do, and spot him an instant too late.

THESE ARE, I'm afraid, very intramural thoughts, without much meaning, perhaps, except to other ex-war reporters and some ex-soldiers.

Suffice it to say that most ex-war reporters know why it is right and just that many more memorials exist to departed soldiers than to departed reporters. But to say, too, that the new memorial to those departed colleagues of pencil and camera is also just and right. For the old wartime feeling does not pass—that they were the ones, the real ones.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio on December 15, 1954)

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The Natives Are Restless Tonight

MARGARET HALSEY

SOME of the events of the past year that have dismayed American liberals—the Oppenheimer case, the firing of John Paton Davies, and the untimely end of William Remington, to name a few—can only be understood if the fact is grasped that, retreating from responsibilities at home and abroad, we in the contemporary United States live in a world of make-believe. It is a sign of the storybook quality of our present life that there are several names we cannot mention without producing so intense a reaction as nearly (if not completely) to block off intelligent discussion. Three of these names are Alger Hiss, William Remington, and Owen Lattimore. There are, in addition, three other names of basilisk impact on American thought and feeling: Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and Louis Budenz.

The problem of security has turned into a Medusa's head that paralyzes everyone who looks at it. Nevertheless, it is both provincial and naïve to assume that just because citizens are silent or hesitant they are all of them solidly in agreement with the sentiments emblazoned on the hustings. On the contrary. Beneath the contrived and fictionalized surface of our life, there are some unexpressed realities which are very much in need of an airing. One of these is that a great many Americans would not want to entrust their reputations or their liberty to Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, or Louis Budenz. There are a great many respectable people who react to Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and Louis Budenz as to a hair on the tongue.

Another unexpressed reality is that a great many people have never stopped worrying about the conviction of Alger Hiss. They have never stopped wondering whether, if his two trials had taken place in some remote, impersonal area like Patagonia, without benefit of mass communications, the verdict would have been the same. A great many people think that William Remington was sent to jail for maliciously trivial reasons. A great many people feel

that Owen Lattimore has been reasonlessly and capriciously persecuted.

A few brave voices have cried out in the wilderness, but what is far more important is the stubborn, inarticulate dissent which is developing in the United States right now. The basis of that dissent is that many Americans feel themselves to be real people; but they also feel that they are being choked and suffocated with symbols. The Messrs. Hiss, Remington, and Lattimore have been presented to us—even by scrupulous, well-meaning individuals—as symbols. They were the Enemy, and because they were the Enemy, it did not matter what happened to them. Similarly, Miss Bentley and the Messrs. Chambers and Budenz were the Good People, and because they were massively publicized in that role, it was not supposed to matter that there existed in many quarters a disinclination to trust them.

It was not supposed to matter to the American people, but it did.

Fairy Tale and Nightmare

The land of make-believe is a land of fear; and symbolization of this sort is alien to a democracy. The whole point of a democracy is that everybody in it is supposed to be treated as an individual. Neither his good points nor his bad points are supposed to be brushed aside in the interests of national safety—or in the interests of any goal whatsoever. The silent dissent that is a very real part of current American feeling is based on the intuitive realization that symbolization of the kind we have seen so much of is as menacing as the hydrogen bomb. Any one of us, no matter how well intentioned—in fact, especially if we are well intentioned—may wake up some morning and find that he has been cast for a Hiss-Remington-Lattimore role off Broadway. Any one of us may wake up some day and find that the Good People are saving the country at our expense.

And if that should happen, then none of our qualities as real human beings will carry any weight. We shall have ceased to be real people. Our rights will have become a matter of minor importance. We too shall have become symbols—helplessly pushed around in a fantasy world that is a simpering fairy tale for the accusers and a Kafkaesque nightmare for the accused. The land of make-believe is indeed a land of fear; and the rejection of make-believe, though unexpressed, is instinctive.

But if the rejection of make-believe is instinctive, then how does it happen that we have so much make-believe? There are six Big Names in security—three on either side; but not one of the real human beings behind those names has been rationally evaluated in human terms. At least, not in public. Publicly, for instance, the death of William Rem-

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ington was assayed as regrettable, but not dismaying. His career was in eclipse and he had "nothing" ahead of him. But Mr. Remington was a flesh-and-blood human being, not a symbol; and as a real person he had quite a lot ahead of him. He had eating and sleeping and playing with his little boy. These things were felt and reacted to by non-symbolic human beings who also eat, sleep, and play with their children.

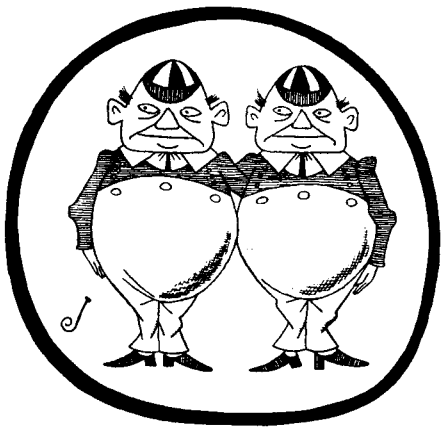
The Unconvicted Perjurers

The United States has recently been turned into a mad scientist's laboratory by a small but determined group of individuals that is conducting an experiment. The unconscious aim of the experiment is to prove that life can be lived without morality. The mad scientists do not like morality because morality makes no exceptions. Did not morality require that Whittaker Chambers should also have gone to jail for perjury? When one asks lawyers why Mr. Chambers was not indicted too, one is told that this is a matter of "administrative justice."

There are two unsatisfactory things about this reply. The first is that real human beings have strong feelings about justice but no feelings at all about administration. The second thing wrong with the explanation is that Mr. Chambers got a good deal more than the clemency sometimes extended to informers. He got a book-club choice, serialization in a national magazine, and the chance to wax lachrymose on TV.

Sober citizens, liberal or conservative, are committed to morality. Why did they not nip this gruesome experiment in the bud? The answer can only be that they did not recognize soon enough what was going on. They swallowed Whittaker Chambers as a necessary evil. But Mr. Chambers was not promoted and publicized as a necessary evil. He was promoted and publicized as the Shepherd of Kingdom Come. While sober citizens were pondering the problem of security, security itself was undergoing a metamorphosis. Security was turning into the security racket. And the essence of the security racket is that everything about security has to be discussed the way the accusers want it discussed, and never the way sober citizens want it discussed.

The gross invasions of morality committed by Senator McCarthy did not just spring up out of nothingness. They had a background. Morality indicated that when Elizabeth Bentley was found to have had a business contract with the foreman of the first Remington jury, her usefulness was at an end. We have all heard news broadcasts in which Alger Hiss and Remington were referred to as "convicted perjurers." The phrase is technically accurate, but it suggests to the alert type of mind that we have quite a few unconvicted perjurers dotting the landscape. During the Judith Coplon trial, a piece on the front page of the New York *Herald Tribune* revealed that six FBI men had been caught flat out in perjury when they swore under oath that the evidence



against Miss Coplon had not been obtained by wiretapping.

And Whittaker Chambers is also an unconvicted perjurer. He is an unconvicted perjurer who has been structured into the culture as a symbol of reliability, responsibility, dedication, and patriotism. But morality is an Iron Maiden. Morality says, "Either you truly believe that—perjury being an offense against the law of the land—everyone who perjures himself should go to jail, or you admit frankly that you are not much interested in perjury, but it makes a nice rap to hang on people who were connected with the New Deal."

Morality poses a blunt question that cannot be evaded much longer: Do we, or do we not, have political crimes in this country?

I have been one who has stubbornly refused to accept Whittaker Chambers at any price. I do not know Alger Hiss personally, and if the Department of Justice could have produced a witness against him of the caliber of, say, George Catlett Marshall, Mr. Hiss could have gone to jail several times over without evoking any protest from me.

An accuser of the stature of General Marshall having failed to materialize, however, I wrote to Mr. Hiss some days before his release, expressing my attitude. I sent the letter to him in care of his attorney, and by happenstance, I put it into the mailbox myself as soon as it was written. When the letter arrived at the attorney's office, he informed me, it had been opened twice. First it had been slit across the top and resealed with Scotch Tape. The second time the flap had been torn open. When it is no longer safe to entrust a letter to the United States mails, security has indeed become a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Symbolization is nothing new in human history or in American history. We have had the brawling Irish, the money-grubbing Jews, and the lazy and childish Negroes as symbols. There is room for honest self-congratulation in the fact that we have been able to do a little something about breaking down these stereotypes.

History is full of reversals of popular feeling. The time may come when the American accused—both the big national ones and the little local ones—are not seen automatically as traitors, fools, and weaklings. The time may come when both the accusers and the accused are judged as real human beings on the basis of known performance. If that day comes, of course, not even the richest country in the world will be able to bring Remington back to life.

But if the world into which we have been led by the Big Three Accusers is a fantasy world—a world completely out of line with what we as real human beings experience—we may comfort ourselves by remembering that symbols are subject to erosion and that fairy tales do not go on indefinitely. It is an attribute of fairy tales that they come to an end. It is an attribute of people that sooner or later they stop believing that a head on a shield can turn one to stone.

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CHANNELS:

Turn of the Dial

MARYA MANNES

THE ONLY TIME I have seen Eric Sevareid's serious, preoccupied face flicker with pure mischief was on a recent Sunday "The American Week," when he shared with us a peep at British TV commercials to come. There were three of them, sent to him by the chairman of the Independent Television Authority, Sir Kenneth Clark.

The first showed a scholarly but cozy bloke in his library reading aloud from a book—some agricultural treatise, I remember, in which certain ingredients of oatmeal were praised as essential nutriments. The gentleman then laid down his book, benignly faced his audience, and very quietly suggested that real oatmeal porridge from Scotland was a good thing. No pressure, no hurry, no offense.

Number two commercial showed a chap sleeping soundly in bed, Jackson by name. Several noises in turn failed to wake Jackson: a rooster, traffic, a yelling baby, something else I forget. Then the film showed his boss in his office shouting "Where's Jackson?" Then it returned to Jackson sleeping and the camera closed in on the alarm clock ringing on his bed table and Jackson's hand turning it off.

"Good old Westclox!" says Jackson, or words to that effect. "Never lets you down!" This commercial took quite a long time; it seemed as long as Betty Furness, if not as loud.

The last commercial suggested a new parlor game: What's the Product? Several hundred feet went by, wholly concerned with the habits of penguins. Narrated by a nice quiet voice, it might have been a nature film, with the comic little fellows waddling around and sitting on eggs. But no. Right at the end, slipped in and dismissed with apologetic speed, was a one-line pitch for Penguin Chocolates.

It must be admitted that these commercials were not irritants; one could sit through them in a state of happy lethargy. No smiles, no women, no iteration—and no compulsion to buy. I hope the British do splendidly with them.

SOME REVIEWERS and, they tell me, a lot of other people thought it was side-splitting the other night when the great operatic tenor Lauritz Melchior behaved like a dancing bear in a German beer hall on Jimmy Durante's show. He sang atrocious lyrics, mugged outrageously, and wiggled his Nibelungen bulk all over the place. The same people who went for this were delighted when Helen Traubel gave the Metropolitan Opera a Bronx cheer and began to clean up in night clubs, raising her resplendent voice in

BILL MAULDIN WRITES TO GENERAL VAN FLEET

Dear General,

The Army is a hell of a place to get a political education. A soldier is slow on subtleties. To him a cause is good or bad, black or white; a fellow is a friend or an enemy. I remember back in 1945, after having spent a mere quarter of my life in the Army, I saw the world as made up of two types: pro-Nazis and anti-Nazis. If a man was anti-Nazi, that was good enough for me. One night I found myself appearing at a function to raise dough for a tuberculosis hospital for Loyalist veterans of the Spanish Civil War. And the only thing that made me sore when I discovered where the money was really going was not that the Communists (anti-Nazis at the time) were behind it, but that they'd lied to me about the hospital. I tell you, sir, I was mighty innocent in those days.

Thus, I have nothing but fraternal sympathy for you and the other generals and admirals who recently lent their names to the ill-fated Committee of Ten Million for Senator Elbow. You thought about Communists like I thought about Nazis, and anybody who said he was anti-Communist was good enough for you. I'm sure an honored old warrior of your integrity wouldn't dream of cheapening himself even to the extent of appearing in cigarette or whiskey ads, and it must have been an awful shock to learn the nature of the thing you'd endorsed so publicly.

Well, it's a forgiving public, General. They will take due note of the fact that when the fiasco was over, in a country where it's considered foolhardy for a V.I.P. to admit a mistake, you loyally stood up, red-faced, and blew your top at the Senator for insulting your friend and boss. You've always been known as a brave man, and it will be remembered that when the light dawned you didn't slink quietly away like your colleagues.

The Army teaches us to admire militancy in men. And so when we're fresh out of the service and see a threat to the nation, we tend to get discouraged with the slowness of law, and we gravitate toward the bugle tooters in politics. You saw who Elbow was tooting *his* bugle for, in the end. After ten months of fretting about the Communists poised with their razor blades over our throats while he was being investigated, he was finally free to resume his immortal work. He showed up in the committee room just long enough to release his petulant statement, then retired to glower balefully out upon the world, like the gibbon in the famous old *Life* cover picture, up to his neck in water.

ANYWAY, welcome to the club of the disabused, General. And don't feel bad. As a veteran old civilian now, I promise that you'll enjoy this easygoing life when you get adjusted to it, and you ll discover that people get around to recognizing perils—Communists, Nazis, or tinhorn politicians—without being shoved violently.

Respectfully,

BILL MAULDIN

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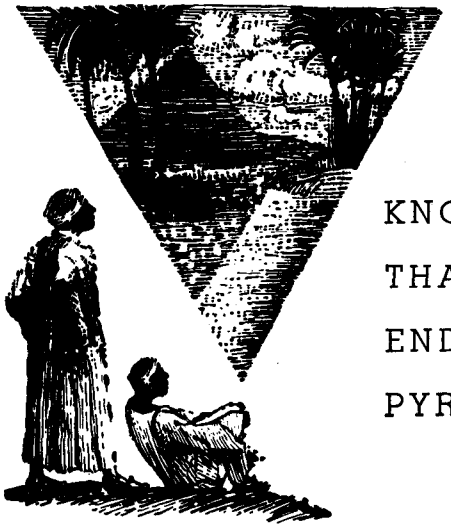
juke-box repertoire or "popular" classics. Even *Variety,* usually tolerant of the "literati," smacked its lips at the way people like Durante were decimating the ranks of opera by giving its stars a crack at big money and bigger audiences.

Voices great enough to fill the Metropolitan are rare, and their owners should count it a privilege to be confined (if that is the way they see it) to great music. In maintaining this stature, they lack neither money nor public. In abdicating it (not merely for more money, they would hasten to say, but to bring their talents to more people) they gain only vulgarity. Probably quite unconsciously, they make a laughing-stock not only of themselves but of the standards they used to uphold. They are successful now because they have come down to our level, not—as before — because they have raised us to theirs.

"WHAT's the Future of Radio and TV?" was the enticing subject of "American Forum" one recent Sunday, and it had a panel that certainly should know: Sylvester Weaver, Jr., head of NBC; Fred Allen; Ben Gross, radio and TV critic of the *Daily News;* and Robert L. Foreman, vice-president in charge of radio and television at Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, Advertising.

Mr. Weaver said radio was here to stay. Mr. Gross said yes, but a lot of people had gone over to TV. Mr. Foreman said radio was here to stay. Mr. Weaver and Mr. Foreman said radio was bound to learn from TV techniques, and Mr. Weaver said his network was working on how to make network radio more effective, but he wasn't at liberty to say how. Mr. Foreman said radio would never be an "aesthetic" medium, it was a medium for selling. Mr. Gross said some fine aesthetic things were done on TV. Mr. Weaver said Spectaculars were here to stay. He stood up squarely for the term "Spectacular"; said people would never forget it, and he was glad he chose it. Mr. Foreman said every American would be able to afford color television because Americans could afford anything.

Fred Allen said something about talent being necessary, but nobody picked that up.



KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

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Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you a Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. Use the coupon, and obtain your complimentary copy.

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To the Last Man, To the Final Shot

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE DEATH OF HITLER'S GERMANY, by Georges Blond. *Macmillan. $4.50.*

ON MAY 2, 1945, the government of the Third Reich found its final refuge in the port town of Flensburg on the Danish border. There it functioned until the surrender at Rheims on May 7, and there, to the considerable mystification of numerous people, it continued to function for another week or two.

For a few days after the surrender at Rheims, Radio Flensburg continued to broadcast the communiqués of a government that had already surrendered unconditionally. Then the broadcasts stopped, but the Cabinet continued to meet under Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, and the only government department with any conceivable task—the high command of the armed forces—continued in being. The territory of this vestigial remnant of the Thousand Year Reich amounted to only a few square miles—little more than standing room for the armies that had ended their retreat there. But these soldiers continued under arms and discipline. In the view of the handful of Allied representatives who had gone into Flensburg at the time of the surrender—and who were quartered in the harbor on a former Hamburg-Amerika Line ship, the *Patria*—the Nazi government remained in limbo because SHAEF had not decided how to effect the surrender of a government that had already surrendered.

TO THOSE who were in Flensburg at the time, it was reasonably evident that the unreality of this government, with its vast army, its nominal territory, and its nonexistent future, was but the extension of an unreality that had pervaded the government of Germany for a number of months. I was in Flensburg in those spring days to participate in some fairly prosaic investigations into German matériel production. The focus of this investigation was Albert Speer, the successful and intelligent arms chief who was serving as Economics Minister in the Doenitz Cabinet.

One time, on some pretext or other, we questioned (or, more accurately, listened to) Speer throughout the night on the role of Hitler as a war leader, strategist, and administrator; on the bizarre hopes for victory in the last year and the blank disappointment that followed; on the way Ribbentrop, Funk, and Ley solved their problems by getting and staying stinking drunk; on the power struggles between the Nazi satraps; on life amid the apocalyptic ruins of Berlin; and above all on near-final scenes in the bunker in Berlin which Speer had visited at no small risk on the night of April 24-25, 1945. (Hitler shot himself on April 30; the Russians overran the Chancellery area on May 2.)

Toward morning, weariness forced us to discontinue and go back to quarters on the *Patria*. As we went, Montgomery's tanks were taking up positions at the street intersections. A few hours later, the German government, which had already surrendered, was duly arrested.

As the Enemy Saw It

Even to those present who were totally untroubled by any sense of history, it was evident that the last months of National Socialism would provide material for some remarkable stories. Disorder and confusion are normal for those who suffer defeat. There was incredible disorder and confusion in Germany in 1944 and 1945. But Germany also celebrated its destruction with an inspired outburst of wild, demoniac lunacy. This would surely be described in the years to come with fascination and even wonderment.

These expectations have now been fulfilled. The literature of this *Götterdämmerung* is huge and it includes possibly the best writing of the war. One result is that in spite of the outpouring of memoirs and adventure stories from the Allied generals, people are now seeing the end of the war from the German side of the lines. This is unprecedented. In the past people have usually seen the history of battles from the side on which their own soldiers fought, and this has been invariably the case if their soldiers won. Englishmen have always gone to Quebec with Wolfe and to Waterloo with Wellington. We approach San Juan Hill from the bottom and the trenches of the First World War from Saint-Nazaire.

By contrast, in Allied countries the last year of the Second World War is coming to be viewed from east of the Siegfried Line. Those who live vicariously the life of a commander in chief can take up their position in Berlin rather than at Eisenhower's headquarters in Versailles.

THE MOST RECENT addition to the library that is producing this remarkable result is Georges Blond's *The Death of Hitler's Germany*. The critics have received it well; in my own view it provides an occasion for what the publishers call enthusiastic acclaim. By now Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, and, of course, Germans have dealt with Germany's year of disaster. M. Blond is the first—perhaps it would be safer to say the most talented—Frenchman

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to enter this international sweepstakes, and he comes close to carrying off the prize.

M. Blond is able to convey in a sentence or a paragraph a picture on which men of lesser talent would lavish a page or a chapter. He also has an unerring eye for the dispensable, and he dispenses with it.

THE STORY begins on the hot July day in 1944 when Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, a colonel in the German Army, exploded a powerful bomb very close to Hitler and later in the afternoon paid with his life for the mischance that it did no appreciable damage to the Führer. It ends with Eisenhower asking General Jodl if he has taken the precaution of reading and understanding the paper he has just signed. There are so many fascinating accounts of the events in between that it is hard to make a selection. In a brilliant page or two, M. Blond tells precisely what went wrong (that is, from the German point of view) with the arrangements for blowing up the bridge at Remagen; in a few more pages he has the reader live through the opening of the Russian offensive on January 12, 1945, when more cannon than any army had ever before assembled churned the German defenses into a hell and great stretches between Memel and Budapest into a fair approximation of a landscape on the moon.

M. Blond is a careful and hence a generally accurate historian. A miserable piece of luck has him—at least in the English translation—beginning the first sentence of the first chapter with the words: "By July 1944, Berlin had received some thirty million tons of explosive and incendiary bombs." This is a fantastic exaggeration — a thousand planes each carrying ten tons every night would transport only 3.65 million tons in a year. Later he himself cites a more plausible figure. In the spring of 1945, Hitler ordered a scorched-earth policy wherever German armies were forced to surrender territory. M. Blond takes this order very seriously and gives Speer considerable credit for preventing its execution. It does seem probable—when I first heard the story from Speer I was much more skeptical—that the latter did intervene significantly and at considerable risk. But it must also be remembered that it was simply not possible to destroy, say, the Ruhr on the spur of the moment, and this was what Hitler demanded.

But such complaints are few. In general M. Blond's interpretation is marked by something between caution and extreme conservatism. He offers no judgment at all on the effect of the unconditional-surrender formula in prolonging the war; he doesn't say whether or not Eisenhower, by supporting Patton, could have ended the war in 1944; he has no position on the wisdom or unwisdom of failing to capture Berlin before the Russians did it in 1945. All this, presumably, is because he doesn't know. Should restraint for such a reason suddenly become a habit with historians, it would be little short of revolutionary.

INEVITABLY in such a book there are sins of omission. M. Blond speaks of the extraordinary recuperative powers of the German economy, but he ignores the organization and effort back of it. This is hardly forgivable in telling of a war during which so much energy was lavished on economic matters and so many resources were devoted to disrupting economic activity. He contributes few new answers to the great riddles of the war. Thus he deals brilliantly with the reasons for the staying power of the Waffen SS but not with that of the German people. Even if one ascribes much to the pervasive effects of fear and habit, one must still tell what made it possible for people to eat, protect themselves, and so continue to labor for the Reich.

The Cowardly Superman

Similarly, the author contributes little to the riddle of Hitler's capacities as a leader. Were Hitler's early successes the result of strategic genius or merely the inevitable counterpart of overwhelming relative strength? Did the later misfortunes show Hitler for what he really was all along—an ill-educated demagogue of marked native ability, without knowledge of his own limitations and with an extraordinary tendency to persist in error?

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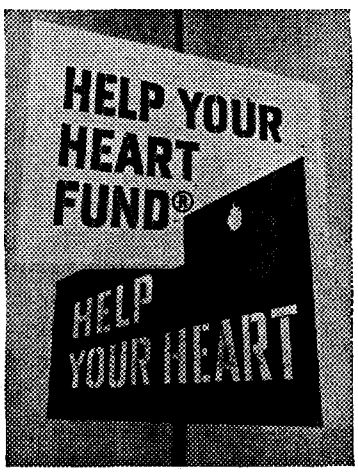

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uable evidence to confirm one facet of Hitler's character, and it is time to make it explicit. Though the author does not say so, it is plain that Hitler was, in ordinary terms, a coward.

Obviously, no one enjoys being shot at, and falling bombs make most people ill at ease. But in Hitler's case these normal aversions were carried to extremes. He never ventured to the front. Though heads of state are expected to be careful and keep out of enemy gunsights, there are some, like Churchill, who must be persuaded. Hitler, from all the evidence, was enthusiastic about safeguarding himself. He was also partial to having phenomenal tonnages of reinforced concrete over his head wherever he slept or worked. (A significant percentage of German's cement output, it was discovered after the war, went to provide this protection.)

In the last weeks and days in Berlin, Hitler was deeply preoccupied with postponing his own demise. To this end he grasped at any hope, however vain. He enthusiastically threw old men and young boys into the battle against the Russians in order to stave off disaster for a few more hours; he sent the most urgent of pleas to his generals to come with troops to protect the Chancellery; he ordered water turned into the Berlin tunnels to stop the Russians, even though German wounded sheltered there were drowned like rats. He did not commit suicide until every shred of hope had dissolved, until any number of palpably foolish hopes had evaporated, and until the Russians were within a few minutes' walking distance of the bunker and might discover it at any moment. He made elaborate farewells, then changed his mind, then made farewells again and finally got on with the job.

ONE MUST not be too critical. If self-destruction did not require some fortitude, many people would have killed themselves long ago. But there is an old and rather equitable notion that those who order others to death with abandon must not be too extravagantly reluctant to die themselves. Hitler was most reluctant.

As noted, M. Blond does not draw this conclusion. Perhaps this, too, is part of his talent. He may have concluded that the world has grown tired of historians who belabor the people in their history for their mistakes and lecture their readers on what they must believe. At least for a change, M. Blond's *laissez faire* is wonderful.

Book Notes

A Reporter's Notebook

THERE IS NO ASIA, by Dwight Cooke. *Doubleday. $4.*

DWIGHT COOKE, one of the more thoughtful of the gifted CBS stable of reporters, was sent last winter to Asia with a tape recorder to gather the sounds of that sprawling continent and talk to its leaders. The result was a vivid series of broadcasts and a reporter's notebook that is easy to read, fast-paced, and instructive.

Swinging rapidly round the great arc that bends about Communist China from Korea through Southeast Asia to India and Pakistan, Cooke blotted up fact and impression on the run. The very speed with which he raced through twelve strange countries has produced an excellent book: Important things stand out simply and importantly. In place of detailed fact and dry analysis, he substitutes the vivid impressions of eye and ear.

Cooke's dominant thesis is, as the title proclaims, "There is no Asia." Asia is a word given by Westerners to a vast congeries of different peoples, more often than not mutually embittered and mutually fearful, wrestling with different traditions and different problems. What lumps Asians together in our mind is simply that they share the single greatest problem of them all, one we have forgotten—namely, primordial, overwhelming hunger. To deal with them as if they squirmed in one basket, applying the same solutions and approaches to all of them, is to ignore their personalities as communities, and thus, in the end, perhaps to alienate them.

Cooke has little new to add on Korea, but his chapter on Japan is a compact and exciting job of reporting, and the one on Burma is perhaps the best quick summary made of that turbulent country by an American since the war.

Most Westerners in Asia cannot help but be disturbed by the passionate stirring of these awakened peoples. If, like so many others, Cooke has consequently indulged in some passages of confused punditry, in compensation he offers some fresh eyewitness reproductions of Asia's life and people. T.H.W.

●

'A Happy Search'

THE QUIET EYE. A WAY OF LOOKING AT PICTURES. Selections and Introduction by Sylvia Shaw Judson. *Regnery. $5.*

WALK INTO a stranger's home, and the pictures on his wall will tell you a great deal about him. So it is with the thirty-three reproductions in this book—paintings, drawings, prints, and sculpture—which constitute the personal choice of Sylvia Shaw Judson. They tell you at once of an exquisite perception, a sense of order and tranquillity, and a belief in divinity wholly free from doctrine or formal piety. It is no surprise to discover that Mrs. Judson is a sculptor of distinction, a Quaker, and a moving spirit in the art life of her native city, Chicago.

"This book is not meant to teach," she writes in her brief foreword. "It is intended as an experience. The illustrations represent a long and happy search. . . . The reason that they are in this book . . . is because they communicate a sense of affirmation, of wonder, of trust."

And this they do, from Henri Rousseau's "Basket of Flowers" to a twelfth-century French Christ, from Morris Graves's "Shore Birds" to Sassetta's "Meeting of St. Anthony and St. Paul." For her accompanying texts, never more than a sentence or two from the world's wise men, Mrs. Judson has ranged from Lao-tzu to Wordsworth, from Albert Schweitzer to William Blake.

No book could serve as a better antidote to the symbolic obscurantism and pretentious assumptions of so much art talk and art writing of this time. Mrs. Judson might well echo Walt Whitman's words, chosen to face a fourth-century Nativity: "As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles." M.M.

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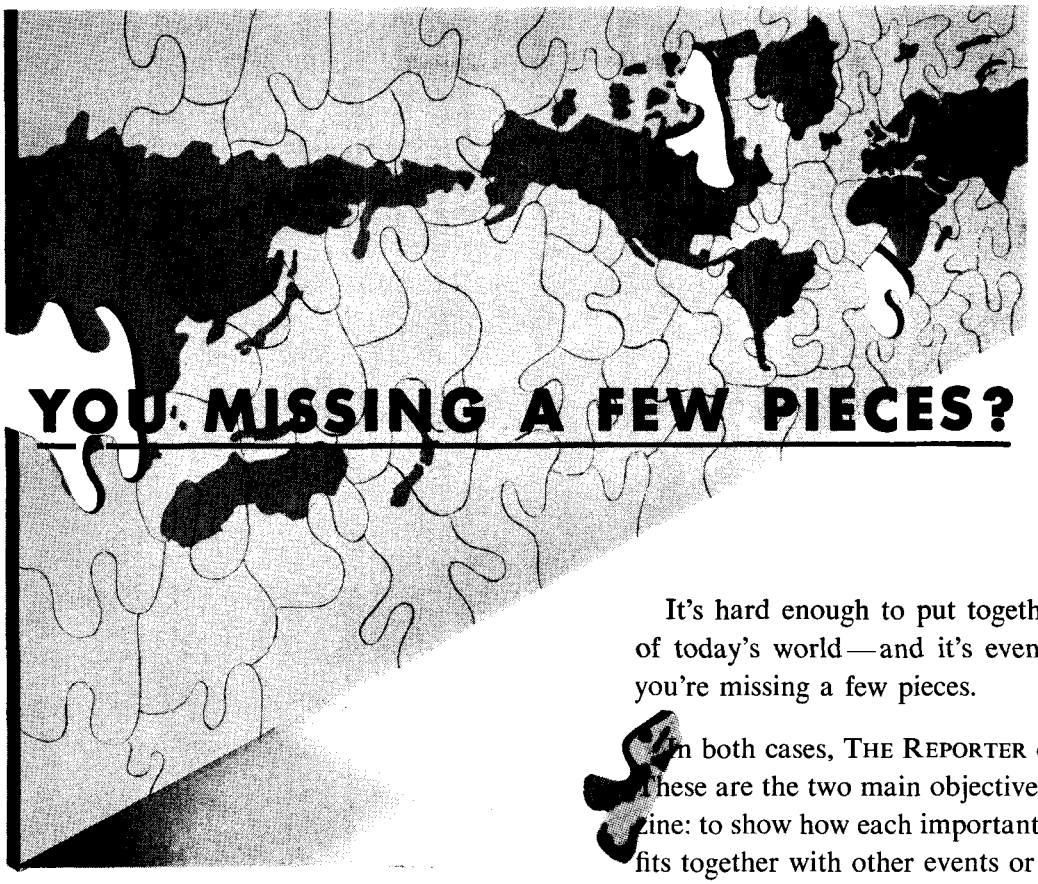

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